

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

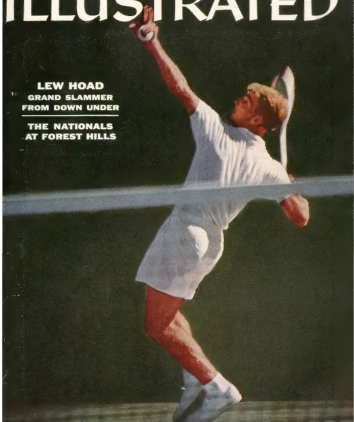
SEPTEMBER 3, 1956

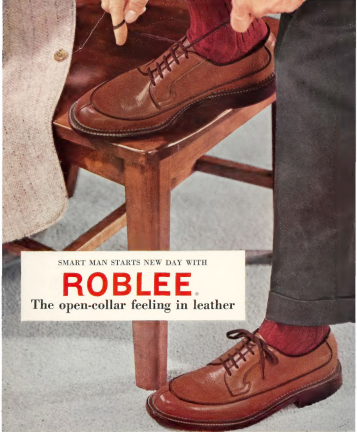
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THE NATIONALS
AT FOREST HILLS





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COVER: LEW Hoad
Photograph by Mark Kaufman

This week 128 of the world's finest amateur tennis players will compete on Forest Hills' newly maintained grass courts for the U.S. National Men's Singles crown. Looming above the others is powerful 21-year-old Lew Hoad from Sydney, Australia, the best of them all and heavy favorite to win.

Illustrated pages on page 81

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His name is Whitey Ford, and as the Yankees come down the stretch they are counting heavily on him

THE BLUEFIN TUNA: CHALLENGE FROM THE SEA

At Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, big-game anglers from all over the world gather in a contest for a giant



HOTBOX



The Questions

Was there a time in the service when athletic training was of great value to you?

GENERAL ANTHONY C. MCMLIFFE



Former Commander in Chief, U.S. Army in Europe

Yes, I never made my letter at West Point, but I played baseball and basketball and continued with polo after graduation. Sports taught me timing, coordination and self-confidence. They also taught me to make quick decisions—to take hard knocks as well as give them.

ADMIRAL JORGE CLARK



Former Commander U.S. Seventh Fleet in Pacific

There sure was. Without it, I doubt that I could have taken the gulf and won, of which there is plenty in the service. After graduation I became the athletic officer on the battleship *North Carolina*. There is nothing like athletics for the esprit de corps of a warship.

THOMAS A. NELSON



Chief Inspector New York Police Dept.

Sandlot baseball and football were my sports. You took the hard knocks as you didn't play. Surprisingly, unsupervised sandlot games also taught sportsmanship. Without the ability to take hard knocks and be a sport about it, you get nowhere in New York's "Fives."

LIEUT. COL. ROBERT F. WAGNER



USAP (m.) Mayor of New York

Yes, I was a "juggler" in basketball and lacrosse at Yale and always got the worst of the rough going. I also managed the baseball team. In combat, when you're up there, you know that you've got to give it or get the worst of it. I was lucky. The star athletes were on my side.

FLEET ADMIRAL WILLIAM F. HALSEY



Former Commander U.S. Seventh Fleet in Pacific

Yes. Hugh B. Miller played on two Alabama Rose Bowl teams. In the war, his ship sunk and his guns almost shot out, he got to shore. Overpowering a Jap, he used his grenades to wipe out a Jap squad. Me? I was always nervous in football. In combat, I shook a little, too. Never got over it.

REAR ADMIRAL ABLEIGH A. BURKE



Chief of Naval Operations

Yes. Athletics are a vital part of Navy education. Every midshipman must engage in athletics. The day comes when as officer you trade broadsides with the enemy, weave his submarines in and out of a convoy or dogfight in the air. The officer with an athletic background has the advantage.

LIEUT. GEN. THOMAS W. HERRIN



Commander First Army

Athletics have helped all through my life. I belonged to the horse cavalry and also played polo for 25 years. In polo, your reflexes are sharpened. You learn to think fast and under stress. This carries into the field and, when under stress, helps you make instant decisions.

MAJ. GEN. SHENDAN A. BURNS



Commander Third Infantry Division National Guard

Yes, as valuable as academic training. During four landing operations in the Pacific, the nervous tension and the stomach butterflies you experience in football were all too familiar. We actually found ourselves using football terms and tactics—through error, stress and end.

LIEUT. GEN. BLACKSHEAR M. BRYAN



Former Capt. U.S. Military Academy

Playing tackle at West Point helped me all through the service. It still does. The lessons I learned taught me to stand on my own feet and helped me out of many tight spots. Athletics training helped me climb the hills of Korea and save myself for the ordinal on the top.

NEXT WEEK:

What happened to the Pittsburgh Pirates?

Sportswear ILLUSTRATED



Kyle Rate, SMU New York Giants, rugged, good-looking 1956 pro all-star football, wears rugged, good-looking Jantzen "Ivy League" pull-over—an Alpaca-wool combination with crew-neck... \$1.99.

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



ROBERT RIGER's first perspective on sports was an imperfect one. It was the Polo Grounds, from a fourth floor window in an apartment on Coogan's Bluff which allowed, in summer, a view of first and second base and in the fall, one end of the football field. From here he began watching the New York Giants, both kinds, at an age so tender that when he first saw the football team in action he thought it was simply John McGraw's crew in a change of costume.

Although Riger's devotion to N.Y. Giants of any description has not wavered since, with the passing of the years he has come to know sports a little better—and his perspective is perfect. The combination accounts for the three covers he has done for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and numerous drawings for stories which range from boxing and wrestling to basketball and horse racing.

Of the players Riger used to admire from afar, Hubbell, Ott, and Terry preceded him into Baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, but last year Riger made it there in his own way. After Sid Kisser, Cooperstown's director, saw Riger's diagrammatic drawing of the great play by Amoros which held the Yankees in the seventh game of last year's World Series (SL, Oct. 17), he wrote to find out if it was possible to add the original to the museum's collection. Among all the photographs and drawings he had seen, this was, Kisser said, the only complete document of the play in picture form.

In this issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Riger uses his artistic and documentary talent to show a day in the training camp life of his old friends, the N.Y. Giants. No one will mistake them for their baseball counterparts as they study their lessons and go through their cadence counting and skeleton drills (pages 38 to 51).

To get the story, Riger ate, slept and lived with the Giants at their training quarters at St. Michael's College in Winocah, VI. "Don't get run over," is the only restriction Giant Coach Jim Lee Howell placed upon him.

"I didn't," Riger says, "but sometimes I had to hope when they yelled, 'Let's have a belly 47 R hook B fly outside' that the play wouldn't come up my back!"

When he left, Howell told him, "You sure ran the waist—and bothered us the least."

With that, somewhat winded, Bob Riger picked up his sketchbook and returned to finish his drawings in the safety of his studio.

Harry Phillips

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**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**

SEPTEMBER 3, 1956



LEW GOES FOR NUMBER 4

Victory at Forest Hills would make Hoad the second man ever to sweep the world's major tennis titles

by **WILLIAM F. TALBERT**

FOR 355 days of the year the giant concrete eagles atop the stadium at the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, N.Y., stare in complete boredom at the inactivity below them. The seats in the big horseshoe are empty; a community statute forbids their use for other entertainments, such as concerts and outdoor light opera to which the stadium is ideally suited. The green turf of the center courts, pampered like a rare orchid, is kept untrampled.

Then suddenly for a brief 10-day period in late summer—the period overlapping the dying days of August and the herring days of September—you can almost see the feathers rise on the motionless birds which form a grim guard over the arena. Deeply tanned young men and women in inevitable white move around with catlike grace. The place awarms with spectators. These are the U.S. National tennis championships—men's and women's singles and mixed doubles.

This year marks a milestone in the American sport, steeped in the tradition of Little Bill Johnston, Big Bill Tilden, Ellsworth Vines and Donald Budge. This is the Diamond Jubilee event—the 75th birthday of national competition in a game which began with rackets like butterfly nets and balls as dead as sponges. Today the rackets are strung with viscidlike tautness and the fuzzy white balls are precision-made and changed every seven games. But the scene is little

changed. The same serenity and dignity of years gone by still pervades Forest Hills' tennis acres during those climactic 10 days. Elderly devotees still sit in comfortable chairs on the brick and stone portico of the clubhouse to watch the matches, whichever they may be, on the clubhouse court. They seldom wander the 100 yards to the bustling stadium or adjoining grandstand where the most important contests take place.

Spectators sip tall drinks under bright umbrellas at an outdoor lounge near the main stadium entrance. They hang over wire fences to watch action on the so-called field courts stretching between the stadium and the clubhouse. They leap from the stadium to the adjoining wooden grandstand, and vice versa, with electrifying word that one of the seeded favorites is in dire straits from the pressure of some damp-cared unknown from somewhere.

While the pageantry may have varied little in 75 years, each tournament has its own unique characters and questions. The three big questions of the Diamond Jubilee event are:

1) Can Australia's Lew Hoad become the first man since Don Budge (1938) to make tennis' Grand Slam in one year—the Australian, French, Wimbledon and U.S. championships?

2) Can Althea Gibson become the first Negro to win the American tennis crown?

3) Can Dick Savitt, the former Wimbledon champion, make good a comeback and inject new spirit into the U.S. Davis Cup hopes?

To my mind there is little doubt

continued on next page



UNITED STATES (FOREST HILLS)



GREAT BRITAIN (WIMBLEDON)



FRANCE (ROLAND GARROS)



AUSTRALIA (BRISBANE)

WORLD'S UNDISPUTED amateur champion, Lew Hoad looks seriously to the battle for U.S. National Men's Singles title.



HAM RICHARDSON, currently best of U.S. player, lost to Rosewall at Newport.



KEN ROSEWALL, consistent, solid and a game's best shotmaker, but lacks power.



VIC SEIXAS, Nationals winner in 1954, has sharp net game but, at 23, may die.

FOREST HILLS

continued from page 3

that Hoad will complete his coveted sweep. The husky, blond Australian is virtually unchallenged now in amateur ranks.

This moody Sydney youngster, who plays tennis with something between lightness and condescension, has compiled a spotty record in this, his best season. He has lost matches in insignificant tournaments to players who shouldn't press him even a little. But in the big test, he has come through magnificently.

We must repeat that this is a new Hoad, unlettered by the shackles of the usual Australian regimen, now a confident, independent young man with few problems. He comes here after a restful ocean trip from Europe on the Queen Mary. His attitude has never been better. He is happy and relaxed. He goes where he pleases and does as he pleases—so far, I imagine, as it is agreeable to his bride of a year, the former Jennifer Staley.

Our national tournament never has been in such danger of so thorough

a domination by the smooth-stroking young men from the bottom of the world. Even should Hoad slip up somewhere along the line, there are half a dozen Amazons capable and ready to step into the title vacated by Trabert.

The best of these, outside Hoad, of course, is the other 21-year-old Sydney "twin," Ken Rosewall, the dark-haired youngster with the line-splitting backcourt strokes. Rosewall is one of the tennis masters of the age—a picture of shotmanship from the backcourt—but a toy in the grip of Hoad's awesome power.

QUARTET IN RESERVE

Australia has a strong second line in left-handed Neale Fraser, Roy Emerson, Ashley Cooper and Mal Anderson, youngsters ready to step into Davis Cup competition, if necessary. When the handsome, curly-haired Fraser is hitting with his twisting service and controlling his erratic ground strokes, he can beat any amateur in the world.

The United States banner in the Nationals will be carried by the usual old guard, with just a sprinkling of new names. The best bet for keeping the

title at home are the Davis Cup veterans, Vic Seixas, 33, and Ham Richardson, 23. Seixas is a superb athlete whose remarkable fighting qualities have carried him over many a major bump—and may do the same again. Richardson is perhaps America's most improved player, enjoying his finest season ever with wins over all the world's top players. A new, more realistic approach to his weaknesses can account for the strides forward made by our recently married Rhodes scholar.

Uncle Sam's second platoon is made up of Art Larsen, Herbie Flam, Tat Bartzen and Eddie Moylan, and there is the youth crop headed by Sam Giammalva, Barry MacKay, Mike Franks and improving Mike Green. A dark horse who bears watching is Dick Savitt, the onetime champion who retired from competition at his peak to go into the oil business in Houston.

Savitt won at Wimbledon, defeated Frank Sedgman en route to the Australian championship and became the world's top player in 1951. Then he dropped virtually from sight, emerging only briefly each year to play in the Dallas and Houston tournaments,

BIOPERSE: Lew Hoad

LEW HOAD began to play tennis eight years after he was born in Sydney, Australia on November 23, 1934. Two years later, in his first tournament, he made the acquaintance of Ken Rosewall, then also aged 18, even his Davis Cup doubles partner.

At 16, Hoad won the Australian Junior championship, thereby catching the eye of Harry Hopman, newspaperman and tennis authority. Hoppy trained Hoad and Rosewall, turning his youthful prodigies into a closely knit doubles team. When at 17 the boys made their first worldwide tour under the watchful eye of the ever-present Hoppy, they sailed the tennis world with many upset victories.

Since then they have, together and separately, held almost

every major tennis title, but it is Hoad who has emerged as the world's best amateur.

He is a stocky boy, with enormous legs and arms. An occasional smoker and beer drinker, he stays in year-round condition. He enjoys most sports, baseball particularly, and jumps at a chance to see his favorites, the Dodgers.

In 1955 Lew married pretty Jennifer Staley. A player herself ("I just hit and giggle"), her steady influence gives much credit for her husband's improved play. To Australians, no sporting event outranks the Davis Cup. Hoad's expression hardens with Cup talk, and he conveys a strong impression that as long as he is around to defend it, the Cup will stay where it is.



ASHLEY COOPER, a member of Australia's Davis Cup squad, could be dark horse.

where he gave America's sons, Seixas and Trubert, a real run for their money.

New Savitt has been transferred to New York by his company, D. D. Feldman Oil and Gas. He has entered the national tournament. He is indelible about Davis Cup plans. But his return to Forest Hills prickles the imagination and gives rise to the thought that Uncle Sam's Davis Cup outlook may not be utterly hopeless. Savitt, in his early 30s, still is capable of playing winning tennis if he can devote himself to the task. A towering bear of a man with a tremendous service and an overpowering ground attack, he could restrain the heights of five years ago.

The women's singles offers a renewal of the rivalry between Shirley Fry, the Wimbledon champion, and Althea Gibson, the big Negro girl who was the sensation of the spring season.

Miss Fry, who has been knocking at the championship door for some 10 years, won at Wimbledon this year, and now she is bidding for the title she could never win as long as Maureen Connolly and Doris Hart, both now pros, were swinging amateur rackets.

Miss Gibson, after several years of defeat and frustration, found herself on the recent worldwide tour which took her from Calcutta to Wimbledon. She won 17 tournaments, 13 in a row, and excited galleries in the tennis capitals of the world.

Her defeat at Wimbledon was a heart-breaking setback. She came home, explained that she was completely exhausted at the time of the All-England championships and didn't play her best. She promised to get in shape for the Nationals.

Now, from all reports, she has kept her word. Her victory would climax a dramatic saga of sport. (COCO)

TRIUMPH OVER ENCOURAGEMENT

by SARAH PALFREY

ON THE FIRST PAGE of Shirley Fry's scrapbook, started by her father when she was 8, there is a picture of the center court at Wimbledon under which is written "Objective—Wimbledon by 1945." The surprising thing is not that she won the title 11 years later, but that she won it at all. She is a girl who triumphed over encouragement.

Her father, Lester Fry, was the driving force behind her and a strong believer that sports were the answer to a happy, useful life. Fry imposed a sporting regimen on the whole family. Mother Fry included.

As soon as the children were old enough to walk, Fry started them hiking and swinging tennis rackets. To this day Mrs. Fry, now 66, plays every day when she can get a game. She boasts, "I played over 200 sets last year. And I have won five, or is it six, okay doubles titles." The four Fry kids became known in time as the hiking Frys, the tennis Frys and the swimming Frys, each child winning medals in the various events in and around Akron.

Of the quartet Shirley emerged the most talented and the most reluctant. She did tennis best and liked it least. Her father spotted the tennis talent early and dismissed Shirley's prejudice as a childish whim. He kept a racket in her hand.

Her career actually began at 8 when she started hitting the ball against the wall "in back of Father David's church." After two months she moved to a real tennis court with a miniature racket but a man-size wallop. The following year she graduated to a full-size racket and played in her first tournament, the Mill Creek Park tourney, winning the doubles with her sister Evelyn.

During the following summers she won practically every junior title there was to win and some senior ones as well. She then played in the National Women's Singles at Forest Hills for the first time when she was 14, the youngest ever. The following year,

when she was 15, Shirley reached her quarter-finals. All of these titles pleased Father Fry, but none of them satisfied him. The most important was that of National Junior tennis champion, and it was also the last major title she was to hold for some time. Although she was ranked in the first 10 from 1944 through 1955, the great victories eluded her.

After a while even her staunchest supporters began to give up hope and may maybe she just didn't have it. Perhaps her father had pushed her too hard. Perhaps, because of this,

she really didn't care. Perhaps it was just bad timing and bad luck, coming along as she had at the same time as Doris Hart and Maureen Connolly.

By 1933 Shirley began to believe the doubts. In 1934 she announced that she was through. Shirley says, "I had a sore elbow and felt I had had enough tennis. It seemed time for me to settle down in one place for a change. So I got a job as a copy girl for the St. Petersburg Times in Florida and set up housekeeping in a small apartment. I had a fine time."

Fine time or not, during her brief journalistic career Shirley made an interesting discovery—she loved and missed tennis even without her father's urging. The desire to play again was strong, and for the first time she began to want to win on her own, not just because her father wanted it for her. She heard rumors that people were saying that the only reason she was the No. 1 ranking amateur was that Doris Hart had turned professional and Maureen Connolly had injured her leg. She heard people say that Shirley would never win one of the big championships. Her attitude now became, "I'll go out and show them!"

Show them she did. During the winter of 1935-36 she was one out of the 16 tournaments she entered in the Caribbean and in Florida. The night before she sailed for Wimbledon in June she saw *My Fair Lady*, and the song that stuck in her mind was *With a Little Bit of Luck*.

She was lucky to get a ticket to the show, but it emerged she didn't need much more luck than that. With her new-found determination, brilliant shot-making and ability to make seemingly impossible gets, she fought through a rough field to win the championship. She outshone now that even when in the finals she was leading 6-0 in the second set against Angela Burton, having won the first, the ball couldn't believe

that she was going to win. But win she did, and a new queen was crowned overnight. To friends who may have questioned the wisdom of her constant urging, the simple rhyme which Lester Fry put from his daughter after her Wimbledon victory must have seemed a complete answer. It said: "Worth all the trouble. Love, Shirley."

The next objective noted in Shirley's scrapbook has no paternal inspiration, and springs exclusively from her own ambition to win the big one. It is: Forest Hills 1938.



SHIRLEY FRY: WIMBLEDON NO. 1

MILE-HIGH REGATTA



ROUNDING BUOY off Palmdale Point at the west end of Lake Arrowhead, two-way skippers jockey past committee boat.

California sailors stage a colorful water pageant on Lake Arrowhead, 5,105 feet up in the San Bernardino Mountains

THE LAKE DAY doings at Lake Arrowhead, Calif., shown here and on the following pages, are the climax of a year-long round of fun at one of the most attractive resorts in the U.S. The lake itself, laid down like a long mirror among the pines and cedars of the San Bernardino Mountains, is 48 miles out on the high-speed thruway from Los Angeles. All around its 14 miles of shoreline, steep hills dotted with chalets plunge to the edge of the glass-clear water. The lake and the land around it are all privately held, bought up in 1945 by the Los Angeles Yacht Club, Inc. and parceled out to business and professional men, Californians who love quiet living and know how to enjoy it in style.

Arrowhead operates as a resort all year round. On winter weekends and over Christmas vacation the hills play host to kids on skis and toboggans, while on the valley floor skaters glide around on an artificial rink. But summer is the big season, when the residents enjoy an endless series of interfamily team tournaments, sailing races, water skiing and topnotch fishing for the Kamloops and rainbow trout with which the water is generously stocked. Climax of all the fun comes on Labor Day weekend, when the yacht club stages its annual regatta and costume parade. Everyone in town takes part in the three-day pageant, which features the Commodore's Fleet Review—an aquatic parade of colorful and original floats—and sailing races every day. Some of the Lake Arrowheaders, like Film Star Dan Duryea, spend a whole season getting their costumes ready and jealously guarding their place for the parade. Well-heeled as the participants may be, however, there is no inclination to turn the regatta into a gold-plated extravaganza. "We stress the fun of participating," says Commodore Doll M. McDaniels, "and keep the expense nominal. It's the fun rather than trying to outdo your neighbor that counts."

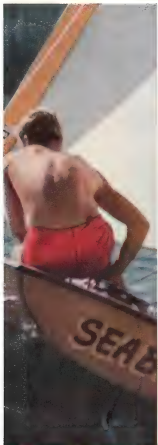
—JACK TORN

MOISTURE BALLOONS up mast of 12-foot Rainbow Skimmer, 18-year-old Mike Parker reads boat for Fleet Review parade.





HANGING OUT over leeward of Class C score Schlarup, Hans Pechelt, 17, battles to keep flat-bottomed 28-footer upright, as Skipper Roland Klegor heads for windward mark.



DROPPING OUT of race with broken mast, crew of 18-foot Paddle makes emergency repairs while waiting for towboat.

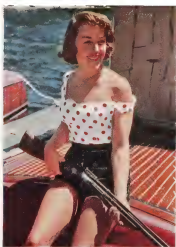


LYING OUT to windward, 9-year-old Derrin Parker jockeys Rainbow Skimmer to first place in kids' race, with brother Larry as crew.





FIRST PRIZE for originality in Commodore's Review parade went to Harry Blomster and boat *Lookin' Lena*.



SECOND PRIZE in first division was won by boat with Daquatch sail featuring gas-soring Nancy Jo Collins as Lt's Akem's wife Daisy Mae.

SECOND PRIZE for costume in rows went to Skipper Leo Parron, Crew Ted Parron and Mary Jo Beggs (right, on board). Catboat is fond nickname for Class C crews.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

FOUNDATIONS GOING UP • TWENTY YEARS A JOLLY GOOD FITCHER •

DECOYS WITH BUILT-IN APPETITES • A CLASS-BOTTOMED BOAT

NOBODY CAN SEE THROUGH • GUEST GOLFER AT CYPRESS POINT

BRAVE NEW WORLD

IT IS DOUBTFUL that anyone in the U.S. was startled, or even surprised, last week when the President suggested, at San Francisco, that we can logically aspire to a "new era of good life, good will and good hope." His Democratic opponent, indeed, had spoken along the same general lines the week before. Such a concept might very well have seemed like a bitter joke only a few years ago—a very few years ago—but in 1956 the foundations for the kind of future which Ike believes possible have already begun to rise; they also form the foundation of what this magazine likes to call the wonderful world of sport.

It would be presumptuous to imply that sport, even in an Olympic year, is the key to the new brotherhood of man—it is an idea which has, sadly, been disproved too often in the past. It would be cynical, it is true, not to note that sport—particularly on the running tracks, football fields and roving courses of Europe—has facilitated what the President called "some small degree of friendly intercourse among the peoples" of the West and the Iron Curtain countries. But to regard sport as a sort of political catalyst is to take a limited and inaccurate view. In the U.S. today it is something far more meaningful; it is so inextricably intertwined with almost every phase of living that it now reflects, perhaps more simply and dramatically than any other American activity, the whole climate of national affairs.

One need only reflect upon the fact that the pleasure and inspiration of sport in the U.S. today is for the millions—no longer a sort of luxury but,

in one form or another, the right of all—to consider the President's message as a practical plan as well as an expression of hope and faith. It is hard not to feel, too, that the U.S. really does have something of the spirit to offer humanity. Even today it does not, as Ike put it, "seem futile for young people to dream of a brave and new and shining world, or for older people to feel that they can, in fact, bequeath to their children a better inheritance than that which was their own." And we have indeed "brought within our grasp a world in which backbreaking toil and longer hours will not be necessary."

In a sense, as he forecast the future, Ike simply echoed the matter-of-fact, if newly conceived, aspirations of millions of his countrymen:

"Travel all over the world, to learn to know our brothers abroad, will be

fast and cheap. The fear and pain of crippling disease will be greatly reduced. The material things that make life interesting and pleasant will be available to everyone. Leisure, together with educational and recreational facilities, will be abundant so that all can develop the life of the spirit, of religion, of the arts, of the full realization of the good things of the world."

It seemed only fitting that the President, so saying, could enjoy some of the good things of the world himself on a golfing weekend (see p. 81).

PRIDE OF A YANKEE

THE YANKEE high command decided last week that an old Enos Slaughter was more useful than an old Phil Rizzuto. So, abruptly, on Saturday afternoon, 16 years as a Yankee

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• From Spike Heels to Spikes

Seventeen U.S. women qualified for Olympic track and field competition in Washington, D.C. tryouts. An off track and good showings led officials to abandon minimum-performance rule for running events, raise number of berths from expected total of 16. Mrs. Stella Walsh Olson, 45, tried but failed to qualify in 300-meter dash, an event she won in 1932 Olympics.

• Out and Up

When Phil Rizzuto, 38, was given unconditional release after 20 years in Yankee system, roster vacancy was filled by Enos Slaughter, 46, who was "sick all over" at leaving cellar-bound Athletics—but reported promptly, cracked out a couple of hits to help the Yankees beat Detroit.

• Protected Investment

The Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, preparing to spend \$235,000 to stage the Davis Cup challenge round at Adelaide in December, nervously eyed Sam and sought insurance against cancellation of the matches by war.

• So There, Too, AAU

Wes Santee, a professional miler by AAU decree, virtually gave up his struggle for a new verdict. He said he wouldn't run in an AAU meet "even if I were reinstated." Santee will continue to run "for my own health . . . but not in exhibitions," leek his peak performances are still in the future.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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ended for Phil. He left the clubhouse without waiting for the game to finish, avoiding commemorations. He had received no definite offer to remain with the organization, first heard of a possible coaching job on his car radio.

"That's why the Yankees are so successful," he was able to say next day. "There's no sentiment when they want to make a move to help the ball club. Understand, I have no aquaika. I got a lot out of the club and they treated me good and there are no complaints except—" he paused momentarily, "except maybe one."

"And what's that?" he was asked.

"I guess," he said quietly, "maybe now my pride is hurt."

NOT THE SAME FELLER

THE ANKWARD, fair-faced youngster moved nervously into a long windup, kicked his foot high and threw. The easy, wide-sweeping delivery sent the ball winging into the catcher's mitt with an impressive, satisfying whop, and the 8,400 people sweltering in the 99-plus heat at Cleveland's League Park stirred and buzzed appreciatively.

It was late August, and the Indians, then as now, trailed the Yankees by too many games and hoped for a miracle. On this Sunday afternoon the St. Louis Browns were in town, and Manager Steve O'Neill was gambling with a wild, fast 17-year-old who was making his first major league start.

He struck out the first batter (Lyn Lary) on three positive fast balls, gave up a dinky hit, then struck out two more. Bob Feller won his first major league start 4-1, and fanned 15 nervous Browns, using the erratic, white lightning of his fast ball all the way, the batters afraid to dig in.

For long after that the fast ball worked its magic on major league batters. In more than 14 summers (he spent 44 war months in the Navy) he has won 266 games (3 no-hitters) and struck out 2,372 batters. His last ball was timed at 93.4 miles per hour.

Exactly 20 years after that hot Sunday in Cleveland, on August 23, 1956, Feller sat quietly in the bullpen at Fenway Park and watched Bob Lemon lose a three-hitter to the Red Sox.

The adolescent clubhouse has long since left Feller's face, and the easy, sweeping motion now delivers curves and sliders and the speed has gone with the youth. Bob is a poised, confident

athlete and an insurance executive in the off season, and the awkward farm boy from Van Meter, Iowa is gone.

No one noticed the 28th anniversary of Feller's first major league start, not even Feller. Reminded of it, he said, "It's not that I'm old now. It's just that I got started young."

The stories on the game that reached 28 years for Feller didn't mention his name. The papers that day had a lot to say about a Little Leaguer named Fred Shapiro, who used a blazing fast ball to strike out 14 batters and win a perfect no-hit, no-run game. His fast ball travels about 85 miles per hour.

MECHANICAL MALLARD

DUCK HUNTING seems to be on the way to full automation—last year hunters were offered phonograph recordings of duck calls calculated to lure the most cynical canvasback out of the air, and last week a fellow named Robert M. Riley started quantity production of battery-powered, plastic mallard drake decoys which bob their heads into the water and raise them again like live birds savoring some delicious submarine banquet. The electric decoy not only seems to fascinate hunters (who are buying it voraciously at \$17.35 a copy) but has driven a live mallard (which was incarcerated with it in a glass tank) to the edge of distraction. The live bird dived under it, swam around it, glared at it and, all in all, "just about went crazy."

Inventor Riley began developing the feeding decoy almost three years ago after racking his brains for a product which might beef up business in his electric motor rewinding shop in Portland, Ore. He spent weeks watching mallards feed at a Portland park and took motion pictures and innumerable still photographs in his quest for accuracy of color and animation. But it took a year to perfect the cam which operates the duck's head and longer



to eliminate (by using plastic gears) the startling sounds which emanated from his early model.

Last autumn Riley felt his decoys were ready for testing. He took a set to a duck blind near Jefferson City, Ore., set them out without turning on the power and let a hunter summon wild birds with a duck call. Nothing happened. But when Riley started his de-

coys up, ducks began dropping down by the dozens. "They had to chase them off the water to shoot them," Riley and his hunting friends feel that a hunter needs only one animated duck per dozen ordinary decoys—the electrical bias lends authenticity to his motionless colleagues and also jiggles enough in calm water to stir up waves and lend them movement. Riley has now shipped 3,460 of his ducks around the U.S., has a new factory at Eugene, Ore., which is producing 700 decoys a day and believes he will soon have enough leisure to correct a glaring gap in his own background: he has never hunted a duck in all his life.

O'ER A PERFUMED SEA . . .

HONEYSCUTTLE, verberna and other fine, old-fashioned plantings bloom along the lawns of Havre de Grace, Md., enough of them to make the whole town smell like a midsummer garden. Yet sometimes, when the wind is off the Susquehanna, a far headier scent than verberna drifts over the back fences. It is Arpège, a perfume by the French house of Lanvin. It has been around for two months now, ever since a 16-ounce bottle of it (\$375, plus luxury tax) was used to christen a ketch.

It was not an ordinary christening, and not an ordinary boat. The Arpège, at 42 feet over-all, is a pioneer experiment in plastic boats. The technique for building her flashed into the mind of a young French engineer named Jean Filloux on a movie set in Hollywood, when he saw how sheets of Fiberglas plastic were stretched over light wooden frames and painted to resemble rocks, tree trunks, stone fences and other bits of scenery. M. Filloux knew that small plastic boats had been built on molds, but he needed a big one—big enough to take a crew of four on a scientific expedition to the South Pacific—and he couldn't begin to finance a boat made of conventional materials and by conventional methods.

So he built himself a framework, covered it with a thin shell of mahogany and covered the mahogany with 30 layers of Fiberglas. It was something like putting on layer after layer of wallpaper. Finally, he turned the shell right-side up, removed the framework, poured 4½ tons of concrete ballast into the hollow mahogany-and-plastic keel, and there stood Arpège. It was as simple as that—except that it took two years of hard work by Filloux and others, and the generosity of a great many people.

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"It's a real Cinderella story. She lost the top of her bathing suit in the water, and he found it."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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Arpège was designed by a marine architect named George R. Hofmann. The glass cloth for her hull was given by the Owens-Corning Fiberglass Corporation, and the polyester resins used in bonding the glass sheets came (free)



from the American Cyanamid Co. One after another, large but by no means soulless corporations, fascinated by M. Filoux's boat and by his audacious plans for using their products, gave him what he asked for. Servel, Inc. offered a refrigerator for preserving film in the tropics. Evianade gave a motor for the dinghy, and Mercedes-Benz supplied the main engine. Now

M. Filoux, who stood penniless on a Hollywood set at 29, commands a \$60,000 expedition at 31. He has been commissioned by the Scripps Institute of Oceanography, the Weather Bureau of France and other organizations to make studies of ocean waves and the low atmosphere over the ocean.

M. Filoux is short, dark, capable and calm. He holds two degrees in engineering from French schools. His first came to this country in 1961, arriving on a 47-foot catamaran which he and three companions had sailed across the Atlantic. He wrote a book about this voyage, scouted around the U.S. for a while and got married. His wife, Odette, will maintain the expedition's headquarters in New York while the *Arpège* is in the South Pacific, but first Filoux plans to shake down the equipment and crew in Florida waters this fall. He and three fellow scientists will head for the Panama Canal in December.

Why is this plastic boat named for a perfume? Because Édouard L. Courmand, an American businessman of French origin, gave help and encouragement of many kinds. "Without him," says M. Filoux, "there would be no boat, no expedition, nothing." M. Courmand is President of Lanvin Parfumes Inc.

That's why it was Mme. Courmand who christened the boat, and that's why she did it with perfume. A crane which had brought the *Arpège* from the shed in which it was built dangled it over the water's edge while Mme. Courmand smacked it with a flagon of scint, perfuming the town of Havre de Grace. But the lady wasn't taking any chances or defying any traditions. She wanted to be sure that all went well with the *Arpège*, so, just before the crane lowered the boat into the Susquehanna, she smacked it again, this time with a bottle of champagne—the French kind, natch.

WITH IKE AT PEBBLE BEACH

THE GOLFERS who has not played Cypress Point is like the lawyer who has never appeared before the Supreme Court. President Eisenhower's visit to Cypress Point was his first, and to southern California's pride and relief, Friday, Aug. 24 turned out a clear and lovely day. Glorious sunshine. A mere suggestion of a breeze. The Pacific Ocean bluer than blue.

When Ike rode his electric caddy cart off the first tee, he wore a face of exhilarated contentment. He looked like a presidential version of Gordon MacRae astride his horse, singing *Oh What a Beautiful Morning* through the tall corn in the opening scenes of *Oh! Calcutta!* Or like a man who had just re-won the Republican nomination.

Ike had pulled on a tan sweater, perched a tan cap on his head, and had appeared at 9:30 for a 10 o'clock date. He said, feelingly: "It's really a good day for it." He was introduced to his caddy, Frank (Turk) Archdeacon, 46, a husky veteran who has been caddying at Cypress Point since he was a shaver of 9. Turk's speech was short and full of honest feeling, too: "It's a pleasure, Mr. President." Said Ike: "Why that's fine."

At the practice tee he scuffed a few at first but soon began to whack them over Turk's head. After about 40 or 50 shots he seemed satisfied. Next came putting practice. Ike put down three balls and measured a 29-foot putt. Then he sank all three, just like that. "I should quit right now," he laughed.

He was using a set of Spalding irons and his Bobby Jones woods with the 5-star-general insignia on the heads. The balls he chose were Ben Hogan's.

Ike's playing partners were Harry Hunt, president of the Cypress Point Club and a retired California rancher; Sam F. B. Morse, a longtime Yale football star who developed Pebble Beach as a resort; and John McCone, a Los Angeles businessman who used to be undersecretary of the Air Force.

Morse and McCone was the team and teed off. They were partnered against Hunt and Eisenhower, in a dollar-dollar-dollar Nassau bet. Eisenhower and Hunt lost the match because Morse got hot on the back nine with three pars in a row. Eisenhower and Hunt called for a press bet on the 18th for a dollar, which was halved.

Everybody in the foursome was picking up, so there was no actual score. Ike picked up once, on the eighth hole. Conceding him a six or a seven there, his score was 90 or 91.

Cypress is not a long course requiring great power and stamina. Rather it was designed as the most demanding test that a middle-aged golfer—a man entering the age where he must begin to substitute guile for strength—could fairly be expected to pass. Carpeting the cypress-strewn sand dunes of the Monterey peninsula and edging tentatively into the thick pine forests reaching almost to the edge of the Pacific, the course offers high rewards for the golfer of intelligence and accuracy and heavy

penalties for the golfer who is careless and erratic.

There is sand, sand and more sand on either side of the fairways. These are not just sand traps as the average golfer knows them. They are seemingly endless bunkers where even the pros can spend three or four agonizing shots trying to get back to safety after an errant slice or hook.

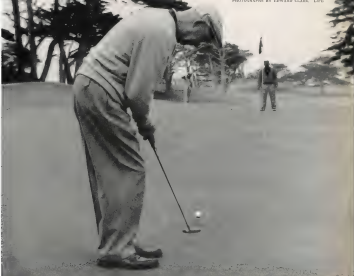
But the sand is not all, by any means. There is the brisk wind that comes up around noontime and blows viciously in from the Pacific bearing haze and mist from the sea. There are the steep hills and the deep rocky ravines. There are the cruelly undulating greens. There is the knee-deep grass and the thick pine forests (from which the deer frequently emerge to graze) bordering the fairways on the early holes. Trouble and more trouble reaches out to grasp the golfer without letup throughout the entire 18 holes. But the man who conquers Cypress returns to the clubhouse feeling he is indeed a golfer of considerable merit.

Which is to say that Ike's very respectable 90 or 91 the first time he ever saw the course (to say nothing of the fact it was the first full round of golf he had played in three months) must have left him with a glow of triumph.

Indeed, he enjoyed himself so much that he went out again the next day and the next for 36 more holes. For a hole-by-hole account, in words and pictures, of Ike's return to the game, see the next five pages.

A ROUND OF GOLF WITH THE PRESIDENT

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD CLARK LIPP



PEDDLE BEACH, CALIF.

FIRST HOLE 418 yards. Ike was told to hit his drive to the left of the gnarled, rant-sized cypress tree. His drive, into a slight wind, was the best of the foursome, about 315 yards down the sloping fairway. He beamed over the compliments from a dozen bystanders. "Is that the right spot?" he asked, knowing full well it was. His caddy said it was perfect.

The foursome set out, with Hunt and Eisenhower in Ike's electric cart, the others walking. Two Secret Service men walked ahead of the golfers, always a hole ahead. Four other Secret Service men accompanied the players.

Ike's second shot, a three-wood, was short to the right. He had a pitch to the green, about 40 yards. He was told it was longer than it looked and, after pitching short, barely reaching the slanting green, he shook his head and admitted, "I misjudged the distance." His putt sailed three feet past, and on the return which looks like a downhill putt but is actually uphill he was short. Three putts. He took a double bogey 8.

SECOND HOLE 532 yards. Ike hit a fair drive, then a four-wood from a hardpan lie, then smothered a three-

continues on next page



THE HAPPY CHIEF ENJOYS EISENHOWER'S ELOQUENT TESTIMONY TO THE HEILY THERAPEUTIC QUALITIES OF A DAY ON THE GOLF COURSE

GOLF WITH THE PRESIDENT

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wood to the left of the green, chipped on, was down in two for a bogey 8.

After sinking his putt Ike was told this was the only hole on the course with an out-of-bounds penalty—which he had just barely missed with his drive. "Well, I don't have to worry about that any more," he said. "That's one consolation."

It was on this hole also that Ike encountered his first petrified deer strolling across the fairway. Someone shouted "Pore," and the three deer, experienced in the ways of Cyprian golfers, hightailed it for the forest.

THIRD HOLE 154 yards It was at this tee that Ike said, "Let's get some new faces on the tee. How about letting them sit on the bench for a while?" In other words, Eisenhower and Hart still had to take the honor from the McCone-Morse team.

Tuck Archdeacon, Ike's veteran caddy, then suggested a four-iron for the tee shot, and Ike agreed. The ball struck the green two feet short of the pin, then bounced four feet past. It was almost a hole in one. He beamed as someone in the foursome said, "That was almost a champagne shot, Chief." Ike said, "Boy, I hit that one just the way I wanted to hit it."

Ike missed the four-foot putt. "I

didn't stroke it," he berated himself as he walked to the next tee.

FOURTH HOLE 376 yards After a fair drive, Ike had a downhill lie on the fairway for his second. He hit it farther than he expected, and it caught the trap on the right side of the green. Entering the trap with his wedge, Ike said with some foreboding: "This is my first experience in Monterey sand." Typical of a first-timer on this course, he dug too deeply, the ball catching the top of the bunker and rolling back. "I guess I have something to learn about this stuff," he said and then exploded his next shot 10 feet from the pin. He missed the putt, taking a 6.

FIFTH HOLE 448 yards Ike's third



S. F. B. MORSE helped beat Ike and his partner.



HARRY HUNT, Cypress president, was Ike's partner.



JOHN MCCONE, assistant Air Force aide, invited Ike.

shot reached the apron of the green, and a six-iron pitch left him three feet from the cup. He sank it for a par 5.

SIXTH HOLE 503 yards Here Ike had an uphill lie on his second and used a brassie. It was a terrific shot but just caught the trees and dropped into a fairway trap. "I'd better gamble here," said Ike and took a five-wood from the trap. It was a fine shot, landing 25 feet short of the green. Ike fubbed his pitch, just reaching the green. Two putts for a bogey 6.

SEVENTH HOLE 155 yards Ike saw the yardage and reached for a three-iron. Turk shook him off, explaining the hole actually played like 170 yards, since the elevated green is somewhat higher than the tee. Ike took a four-wood but "spared" it a trifle, not believing the shot was that long. The ball was short and to the right. He then wedged a 30-yarder four feet past the cup but allowed too much break on the return putt, missing for a bogey 4.

EIGHTH HOLE 321 yards This is almost a 90° dogleg to the right with acres of sand dunes bordering the right side of the fairway from tee to green. In short, it is a slicer's nightmare.

"Where is it?" Ike asked, mousing the green. Ike was told not to cut off too much of the right side, but his ball sliced into the mountain of sand anyway. This time the caddy car could not follow, and Ike walked up the sand. He had a poor lie and hit it only 10 feet. Still in the sand, he had a better lie, but he hit it "fat" and the ball went 20 more feet into a big bedprint. His opponents were already in the vicinity of the green, so Ike said, "I've had it. Pick it up." He trudged over the sand to the green, the only hole he actually walked all day. At the green, Morse and Hunt, who know this hole as the terror of the uninitiated, smiled sympathetically but knowingly. "Have a little trouble!" asked Morse. "Not a little," said Ike, "but a lot." No score here, but Ike might have had a 6 or a 7 if he had played it out.

NINTH HOLE 293 yards Sand traps everywhere on this hole. Ike hit a 215-yard drive right down the middle, then a three-quarter wedge 15 feet to right of the pin. He just missed his birdsie.

TENTH HOLE 475 yards Good drive, half-topped second and a smothered three-iron on his third left Ike in some loose dirt. He just carried the traps short of the green on his fourth, then pitched an eight-iron that almost dropped for a gimme. Bogey 5.

11TH HOLE 436 yards Good drive, but a sliced four-wood second shot. It was at this point Ike mentioned for the first time that his muscles were not toned up, that he could play better with more practice. Also he mentioned that this was his first full round since leaving the hospital in June. He said it like Joe Geller, perhaps forgetting for a moment that his hospital visits were the most publicized in America. Ike, continuing this self-analysis, explained that because he needed "toning" he had a tendency to "push" at the ball.

Continuing the 11th, he wedged to the left edge of the green, chipped up stony for a bogey 5.

12TH HOLE 402 yards Good drive, but had a bad, sidehill lie on his second. Ike couldn't reach the green, so on the advice of Turk he played a five-iron shot. Still short of the green, after mis-hitting a wedge, he pitched stony again for a bogey 5.

13TH HOLE 353 yards After another good drive, Ike pushed his second, a three-iron, into heavy rough. He wedged to the green and two-putted for a bogey 5.

14TH HOLE 366 yards Still another good drive, but his three-wood to the green landed 30 feet short. His chip was seven feet short, and he missed his putt. Bogey 5.

15TH HOLE 426 yards Ike hit a seven-iron off the high tee and across the rocky ravine, stopping 15 feet to right of pin. He patted below the cup and then knooked in a three-footer for a par 3.

16TH HOLE 222 yards This is the spectacular par 3 which demands a 200-yard carry over the Pacific to reach the green. The President was reminded that Bing Crosby once scored a hole in one here. Most newcomers will try to reach the green, just for kicks, but the President gazed out to the flag and said: "What a great golf hole. This is one of the prettiest I've ever seen—and it looks like the hardest." Then he elected to play a five-wood to the shorter carry on the left side. His next was a seven-iron about 10 feet over the pin, and his try for a par 3 just lipped the cup. Bogey 4.

17TH HOLE 371 yards Hundreds of sea lions on the rocks below the tee keep up an incessant barking. They amused Ike but also disturbed him. "It's hard to hit a shot and listen to those seals at the same time," he said.

He hit his drive well anyway, carrying across a piece of ocean and landing in front of a grove of cypress trees that clutter up the middle of the fairway. He tried a five-wood and hit it fat. The ball stayed up in a tree. The President hit a provisional ball to the left of the pin, then pitched stony from 25 yards for a double bogey 6 (that is, a natural par 4 with a two-stroke penalty for lost ball).

18TH HOLE 334 yards This is a tricky hole indeed. Lots of low cypress trees make it appear from the tee that there is no fairway at all. On the right side is a stand of pine trees.

"Where do we aim here?" asked Ike. He was told to aim for a certain cypress. "Keep it away from the right," said Hunt. "That's the Iron Curtain. You'll never get through that stuff." At the reference to Iron Curtain, the President did a double take and then laughed heartily. If there was any political reference or significance in this round, that was the closest to it.

Ike hit a perfect drive, and again he heared. His next was a four-iron. He seemed surprised that the shot called for so much club, but a wind had come up and he was hitting into it. He landed on the green 20 feet short. McCone had a longer putt along the same line, and when McCone left himself short, Ike must have decided not to repeat the error. He jabbed firmly, and the ball ran seven feet past. He didn't take too much time on the next; there was a gallery of seven or eight around the green and Ike had been bawling with them. He missed for a bogey 5.

Ike's card:

Par out: 488 455 344—87

Esenshawer: 465 658 4x4

Par in: 544 443 344—35

Esenshawer: 665 653 465—44



1

STARTING SECOND DAY'S ROUND, IRE'S STAFF BACKSWING ON FIRST TEESHOWS EFFECTS OF LONG SATURDAY. GENERALLY HIS DRIVES WERE GOING WELL, ALTHOUGH HE HIT THIS ONE ONLY 217 YARDS DOWN THE FAIRWAY. THE PRESS WAS ALLOWED TO PHOTOGRAPH AND ACCOMPANY IRE

SECOND SHOT, THREE-WOOD, STILL LEFT IRE WELL SHORT OF GREEN



2

THIRD SHOT, A WEDGE, WAS CHANGED INTO BUSHES BEYOND GREEN



3



THE HAPPY FOUR ENJOY THE SCENIC VIEW FROM THE TEE TO THE FAIRWAY. THEY WERE (L TO R) NORMAN CHANDLER, PUBLISHER OF THE "LOS ANGELES TIMES" AND HIS PARTNER, BARRY LOTHEADS, PRESIDENT OF ELBETH FLEASBY (CARRON SHIRTS); CHARLES JONES, PRESIDENT OF RICHFIELD OIL.

FOURTH SHOT WAS PITCHED ACROSS GREEN. THE CHIPPED BACK FOR SIX.



AFTER FIRST HOLE THE WAS CHAUFFEUR BY SECRET SERVICE MAN





AS JETS FROM AIR FORCE BASE SCREAM OVERHEAD, AND '55, MICHAEL'S COLLEGE SUMMER STUDENTS LOOK ON (LEFT), ENTIRE GIANT SQUAD

COLLEGE BALL WAS NEVER



BLACKBOARD SESSION: at evening class in college dormitory basement shows Offensive Coach Vince Loveland chalking play assignments. Each player copies his assignment in notebook, blueprints all plays, variations and changes as the season progresses. This is R-47 series.





COMES TOGETHER FOR AFTERNOON DUMMY DRILL. EACH BACKFIELD AND LINE MAN PREPARED PLAYS LIKE F-21 PITCHOUT SHOWN HERE

LIKE THIS

The New York Giants work an all-day, half-the-night schedule preparing for another pro football season

SKETCHBOOK AND NOTES BY ROBERT RIGER

FOR PROFESSIONAL football men, perfection is the rule. To achieve it, they start practicing two full months before the season opens, rehearsing endlessly all day and studying movies and blackboard blueprints for hours each night. The New York Giants' training camp at St. Michael's College in Winstock, Vermont is just such a football proving ground. Everywhere, big men slam into each other or charge at weighted dummy bags, grunting and gasping with shock. Others shout and clap in cadence, crash booted toes against leather, urging muscles and strain eager fingers to reach spiraling passes. In my sketchbook of a day of this explosive action, I have tried to capture the color, the bone-tiring work of practicing to be perfect—to be a pro.

In the dormitory classroom each evening, plays are gone over both offensively and defensively. These will be drilled on the field the next day. Players also watch movies of their contact work taken two days before and game movies of

league rivals which are run over and over for close study.

The day begins at 7 a.m. and practice at 9. In the morning the men wear no pads, only sweat suits and a haphazard array of colored jerseys and caps. After the early work of place kicking, calisthenics, cadence and punt formation, the specialized groups form at 10. In these, linemen work on conditioning drills and downfield blocking (page 36), and the backs go through skeleton drills to perfect deception, speed and timing. Then backfields and ends work on pass patterns (page 38), and finally the whole squad runs plays.

After lunch and rest period, the squad puts on the pads for heavy contact work which begins at 2:30. Slowly, as the day progresses, you can see the classroom exercises transferred to the field and the specializations integrated into a cohesive offense and defense. Late in the afternoon the day's work culminates in a scrimmage under game conditions.

Sketchbook and notes continued on following pages



MORNING LINE DRILL TRANSFERS THE PREVIOUS EVENING'S CHALK MARKS TO FIELD. CONDERS TOM LAMBRY AND LOMBARDI WORK OUT



THREE TERMS OF QUARTERBACKS AND CENTERS WORK TOGETHER ON SNAPPING BALL BACK TO DIFFERENT DISTANCES



PASS WARMUPS ARE RUN BY QUARTERBACK AS THE ODDS TRY VARIOUS ROUTES. COACH HAVENRUGH DIRECTS PATRIOTS.

SHUTTLE DRILL GIVES AN ILLUSTRATION OF PASSING ROUTES THAT SIMULATE DEFENSIVE POSITIONS, PERFORMING 10-25, WHICH IS SHOWN ON PREVIOUS PAGE. QUARTERBACK TAKES HANDOFF, PITCHES OUT UNDER BELLY OF FULLBACK TO HALFBACK (THROUHAND). COACH LOMBARDI CALLS PLAYS, CHECKS ON DIRECTION, SPEED AND TIMING OF BACKS.





DEFENSIVE AND OFFENSIVE MANEUVERS



TOUCHDOWN TRYING of Giants are Frank Gifford, shown left halfback, and Alex Webster, hard-driving right half.



FLAKE KICKING is tried by early Guard John McMullen as Quarterback Don Heinrich holds the ball.



PASSING DRILL shows Chuck Conerty spinning away from defense men slowed down by gulped sweat drops.



WARMING UP after lunch in basement area which serves as a locker room, players put on pads for the afternoon's contact work.



TAPING ANKLES of all the squad members helps prevent injuries. Trainer Johnson (left) also tapes Tackle Rocky Brown's hand.



CALLING CADENCE from heavily padded, shockspringed sled, Line Coach Ed Keenan heaves his 260 pounds as two linemen strike out from four-point stance (upper left). A simultaneous strike will rock the sled straight up (left and above).



BRAIN TRUST in session includes (from left) Cooney, Head Coach Jim Lee Howell, (above) and Defense Coach Tom Landry.

DOWNFIELD BLOCKING is simulated by linemen charging three 50-pound dummy bags, taking each in quick succession. In drill at left, linemen executes cut-off block. Right, Yantic Brown is caught hitting bag too high.





ONE-ON-ONE DRILL is offensive reaction test for ball carrier. An offensive lineman strikes out on signal, ball carrier takes handoff, must decide in split second which is the clear side and get through defense without being tackled (right).



SEMIY DRILL armstretches include apron (left), the linemaker's shield (center) worn on arm to absorb shocks and the heavy bag.



CLIMAXING DRILL. Coach Howell calls, "From now on, full speed all the way—everything goes!" which signals start of scrimmage under game conditions (above). At 4:00 practice is over, a squad of rookies (below) wearily lugs gear to shelter and team calls it a day.





PART TWO

THE STRIPED BASS: A DETECTIVE STORY

After a 2,000-mile quest the investigator finally comes to grips with the truth—and a striper

by GERALD HOLLAND

In Part One of this inquiry into the character of the striped bass, the investigator followed a trail extending from Chesapeake Bay in Maryland to Bar Harbor, Maine. He had been surf casting and boat fishing, had interviewed Mr. L. L. Jones, proprietor of the famous Maine Hunting and Fishing equipment store, and Associate Justice William O. Douglas of the Supreme Court.

But he had seen no striper.

THE INVESTIGATOR decided to invade an abiding place of truth, the halls of science. He changed at Boston from Northeast Airlines to Mohawk and soon was sitting across the desk from Dr. Edward C. Raney in Room 208D of Fenwick Hall on the campus of Cornell University at Ithaca. Dr. Raney, coordinator of all current striped bass research for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, showed the investigator a number of striped bass specimens in bottles, gave him a sheaf of scientific papers for his attack case and expressed regret that he could not spare his only copy of the classic study of the striper by Dr. Daniel Merriman of Yale University. Now, in unscientific terms, to explain the hypnotic charm of the striper? Dr. Raney

thought for a minute and then said: "Men like to catch big things, and the striper grows to be big and handsome and he can be taken close to shore."

In his office at the Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory, of which he is director, Dr. Daniel Merriman of Yale University agreed to lend the investigator one of his two remaining copies of his own *Life History of the Striped Bass*. He wrote this paper as his graduate thesis after two years' intensive study of the striper in the field.

"A beloved and a beautiful fish," said Dr. Merriman, his eyes glowing with affection. "A graceful, hardy and courageous fish. A nifty fish, indeed."

When it was suggested that there had been some disparagement along the investigative trail of the striper as a fighter, Dr. Merriman shook his head.

"I have fished for them all and I say that the striper at from five to 10 pounds is as tough as any game fish, pound for pound. He is not as spectacular as the salmon or the bluefish or the trout, but he is a plucker and will make you work like the very devil."

As for eating him?

"The broiled filets of a five- to 10-pound striper are the tastiest eating I

know of," said Dr. Merriman warmly. "Good heavens, my wife and I lived on them for two years while I was writing my paper!"

At Rutgers University, in New Brunswick, N.J., the investigator accepted more papers from Dr. James R. Westman who, in addition to teaching classes as Don Merriman and Raney do, was engaged in continuing research into the striper along the New Jersey coast. Dr. Westman added a new word to describe the striper: "He is a challenge fish. Because of his highly selective eating habits, the striper and the fisherman engage in a battle of wits for which the rules are constantly changing. What is true today about the striper's feeding habits may be completely false tomorrow."

Back in New York the investigator remembered another professor. This was a professor (self-appointed) of surf casting. His name was Jerry Jansen, and for three years he had been conducting a school of surf casting on Second Avenue on Manhattan Island.

In his apartment in Greenwich Village, Professor Jansen spoke on his favorite subject: artificial lures. He described the darting and the swimming

continued on page 48





UP A LAZY RIVER

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. EUGENE SMITH

MAN WOULD NOT be man II, somewhere in his heart, he was not a brain—if he did not nurse a recurring dream of indolence and irresponsibility, and did not yearn to stretch out on a tropic beach or under a western watering tank and let his whiskers grow and occasionally have a shot of something reeling from a bottle. It is a dream which has a way of growing stronger in summer, but in most strata of society a fellow just can't hustle off to hunt for Tom Sawyer's island, or for pearl systems—he can't, indeed, even daze off on the coast-house steps at noon—without causing a raise of eyebrows and a wag of tongues. Fish, however, are a man's best friend. Not the lusty salmon, nor the leaping trout, nor any fish which must be pursued, but the flounder and the catfish—fish which inhabit the tide flats and the back eddies of slow rivers, fish which may be lured to the bank from a recumbent position. Millions of men annually escape that constricting mass erected over the restrooms by their women with no more equipment than is reflected in the still life at left. They escape in every country under the sun—the photograph was made by W. Eugene Smith in a Portuguese tidal inlet off the Gulf of Cadiz—and, though the red wine in the jug might be white wine, or cider, or muscatel or rye in other parts of the world, it is a picture which reflects a universal aspect of the masculine soul. A man need not own a weather-beaten boat such as this Portuguese fisherman's craft more than a dozen strokes to achieve Purpose and, hence, a suspect but unassailable license for lameness. After that languid series of rations he is free to drop an anchor (a tin can full of cement), bail his hook, beat his bolster upon the softly gurgling flood, pull out the cork, tilt his jug, lower his hat over his eyes and sink back into that comatose and reflective state in which man reaches true nobility of character. In the process, although the odds are against it, there is a chance that he might even catch a fish.

—PAUL O'NEIL



THINK

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...and you'll drink *Red Cap*



FIRST, think of the lightest, driest beer you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only fine ale can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP—the light-hearted ale! Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.

I am thinking . . .

so now I'm drinking Red Cap . . .

*Carling's **RED CAP** Ale*



THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S



Next year's Derby is a long way ahead, but some are already hoping. For in the fall the bugles sound

BABES TO ARMS

THE TIME COMES in the annual racing calendar when, quite suddenly, the names we have heard so often through the year tend to lose some of their noteworthiness. That point comes at the end of August, and the only possible reason why we can momentarily put from our thoughts such, for instance, as Swaps, Nashua, Bobby Brocato, Needles, Fabius, Swoon's Son and others, as familiar as they are successful, is that standing in the wings of racing's coast-to-coast stage is a spanking new cast of nervous characters, waiting breathlessly to be introduced. They are the 2-year-olds.

The awakening of interest in Thoroughbred 2-year-olds at the end of each summer is a unique sporting phenomenon. In most sports the youngster who is finally given his chance on center stage gets there with a respectable past performance chart in his traveling bag. The rookie who shows up at a major league spring training camp points with pride to his record in the minors. The variety football hero often turns out to be the same young man who was also an all-state high school hero.

But 2-year-olds are unknown quantities on the verge of fame. They approach the crucial month of August bursting with spirit and energy while their owners and breeders tag along behind feeling like the parents of a boy acting in a first-grade play: they just hope he'll do all right.

There is no way on earth of predicting with any certainty before a horse gets to the races how he'll turn out. Perfect conformation and the most fashionable breeding are no more than important clues. Competition is the only test, and it is in August that the competition begins to get truly tough. Between now and late November the speed sprinters will be forgotten. The champion will be a colt who has proved his ability to go a distance of ground and who will be conceded the best chance of winning next year at distance up to a mile and a half.

Where is that champion going to come from? Most of the East's leading juveniles are at Saratoga, long a traditional testing ground for 2-year-olds, while the Midwest's best, now joined by a few good invaders from California, are running in Chicago.

The safest way to find your best 2-year-old is to look for the best breeding among the young colts and fillies who also have some performance to their credit. The candidates to date

1957 KENTUCKY DERBY

Tony Alessi, who runs the Caliente winter and future books, quotes far South Illustrated odds he would lay for next spring's Louisville classic—supposing it were to be run in a month's time:

Bold Ruler, King Hairan	4 to 1
Greek Game	8 to 1
California Kid	8 to 1
Lucky Mel, Nashville, Beaugerrie, Pre Beandy	15 to 1
Lorik Dip, Cohoes, unnamed colt by Neer	20 to 1
Rakhi	20 to 1
Bold Bending	40 to 1
General Duke, Sassa Keet	50 to 1

come quickly to mind: Bold Ruler, Cohoes, California Kid, Greek Game, Lucky Mel, King Hairan, Clem, Lucky Dip, Nearctic, Beaugerrie, Nashville, Leallah, Amarullah, Thin Ice, Alanesian, Miss Blue Jay and many more besides.

Bold Ruler, winner of all five of his races, is a son of Nasrullah (the sire of Nashua) out of a Discovery mare—a combination of bloodlines it is nearly impossible to fault. The colt, trained by Sunny Jim Finkelmann for the Wheatley Stables (Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps) is a little leggier and lighter than Nashua at the same age but, like Nashua, he shows some

of the unpredictable Nasrullah temperament.

"He's really the nicest horse in the world to train," says Mr. Fitz, "but in his races he likes to loaf a bit. He's not a sulker, just a leader."

Unfortunately Bold Ruler won't get back into action with the rest of the East's top colts in this week's 6½-furlong Hopeful at Saratoga. He has not entirely recovered from a strained back muscle and a slight injury to his left rear hock, so Mr. Fitz has decided to keep him away from the races until the Belmont Futurity on October 13.

The mention of King Hairan, the Florida-bred son of King's Stride out of Lady Hairan, who races in the colors of Leo Edwards, actually constitutes a contradiction of the general theory that unfashionable parents do not produce a good horse. Tarp Authority Even Shipman recently summed it up perfectly when he pointed out that King Hairan is one who makes his own pedigree, so to speak: he stands or falls by what he does rather than by what the stud book says he ought to do. So far he's been doing just fine, although twice beaten by Bold Ruler. But this week in the Hopeful, instead of meeting Bold Ruler for the third time, he'll be going up against a new name by the name of Cohoes.

Cohoes, although he's won only two of his six starts for the Greentree Stable, may be a typical example of the many good 2-year-olds who tend to develop later than others of their generation.

"Not only that," says Trainer John Gaver, "but Greentree is always looking to the future. We like to have good 3-year-olds and we believe in taking plenty of time with the 2-year-olds before racing them. I'd rather go ahead and train a 2-year-old and let him tell me when he's ready to race than push him along too soon. Of course, breeding enters into it too. Cohoes has classic bloodlines right through. He's by Mahmoud, winner of the Epsom Derby, out of Belle of Troy, and on paper he looks like a good one. Now we know he's bred to a distance, so there's no necessity for hurrying him into sprints before he's ready."

If Cohoes is descended from a sire who has gotten many good although not great horses, there is a youngster in Chicago at the moment by the name of California Kid who might do some boasting of his own. California Kid's sire is Khaleel (sire of Swaps) and his dam is Heather Time—which makes him a full brother to Correspondent.

continued on next page

HORSE RACING

continued from page 37

With Swaps, Khaled has proved his ability to sire a horse with tremendous speed and stamina. Correspondent, on the other hand, although he won such stakes as the Blue Grass and later the Hollywood Gold Cup, was hardly re-

nowned as a distance horse, and in general—with the exception of Swaps—the Khaleds haven't shown too much staying ability. California Kid, in winning the Prairie State in Chicago last week, showed a lot of the usual Khaled speed (the six furlongs in 1:10 2/5) and beat the two best 2-year-olds on the grounds, but we must wait and see

what happens when he has to go a distance of ground.

The two losing notables among California Kid's recent Washington Park victims were Greek Game and Lucky Mel, a couple of real speed demons both sired by Olympia. Greek Game was losing his first race in five starts, while Lucky Mel went into the race

OLDEST BLOODLINES HAVE PRODUCED THESE



PEARL MEL

Bay colt
Foaled, 1920

Started 31
Won 11

Bay colt
Foaled, 1918

Started 5
Won 3



CINDERBOUGH



REARED

Chestnut colt
Foaled, 1923

Started 34
Won 11

Chestnut colt
Foaled, 1928

Started 13
Won 9



WYNDHAM



MARSHALL

Bay colt
Foaled, 1919

Started 19
Won 5

Brown colt
Foaled, 1942

Started 6
Died 5



KHALED



WILD WILD, OWNED BY MR. HENRY S. PRINCE, IS STILL UNDEFEATED



CALIFORNIA KID IS MR. ELLSWORTH'S PACIFIC COAST CONTENDER

with a record of seven wins in 11 starts. There is no telling how good any of these three Chicago colts is, but if California Kid's staying ability is somewhat suspect, the same must be said—and more emphatically—about Greek Game and Lucky Mel, who, incidentally, set a world record of :56 3/8 for five furlongs in California this sum-

mer. The fact that they are both by Olympia should not inevitably be held against them, but it is true that Olympia was more of a sprinter than a stayer. Once in a while, of course, a horse bred to sprint develops into a real runner. That's the hope of Willie Moler, trainer of Lucky Mel, who says of his colt: "Any real fast one like Lucky Mel that

can be rated almost always will stretch out as far as you wish."

It would be possible but unusual for the best of the new crop to turn out to be a filly. If so, she might be Alarmanian, William Perry's beautiful bay by Polyzonian, who on August 16 ran the fastest 5 1/2 furlongs of the whole Saratoga meeting.

C.R.O.

EARLY FAVORITES FOR THE 1957 DERBY



HYPERION

Chesnut colt
Foaled, 1950

Started 13
Won 9

Bay colt
Foaled, 1950

Started 1
Won 1



BLANSFORD



MELIOPOLIS

Bay colt
Foaled, 1956

Started 11
Won 5

Brown colt
Foaled, 1927

Started 10
Won 9



BLENNHEIM II



OLYMPIA

Gray colt
Foaled, 1946

Started 46
Won 15

Gray colt
Foaled, 1935

Started 11
Won 4



MAKNOON



GREEK GAME, HERO OF HIGHEST TRACKS, BELONGS TO F. W. HOPPER



COLONEL IS LATE-BEST-LOVED COLOR-BEARER OF BAYCHIEF STABLE

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...

THE 17 WOMEN WHO MADE OLYMPIC TRACK TEAM IN TRIALS AT WASHINGTON



BARBARA BAYLIS, Baylis, N.Y., first in 200 meters (24.8); second in 100 meters.



MILDRED MCDANIEL, Atlanta, Ga., first in high jump (5 feet 4 inches).



KAREN ANDERSON, Lansdowne, Pa., first in javelin (137' 5").

RECORD BREAKERS

Lorraine Crapp, 17-year-old Australian maid, diligently whippetted back and forth across 55-yard fresh-water pool at Townsville to break four world freestyle records in same night: 400 meters in 4:58.8; 400 yards in 4:32.4; 200 meters in 2:19.3; 200 yards in 2:09.5 (Aug. 25). Other swimming record breakers: Holland's Jan Koster, who churned 1,500 meters in 22:22.8 at Utrecht (Aug. 21); Toronto's Glen Grant, who stroked 100-yard freestyle in 1:58.6 at Toronto (Aug. 21).

New Zealander Bobby Burns teamed up with countryman Russell Wright (on attached sidecar), snared his motorcycle over Bonaventure Salt Flats at two-way average speed of 176.42 mph for measured mile to set world speed record (Aug. 21).

Elizabeth Dunsay-Krowinska, 36-year-old Polish schoolgirl, leaped 28 feet 10 inches at Bialystok to break world broad jump standard (Aug. 20).

BASEBALL

Milwaukee Braves successfully met challenge of top National League contenders, smacking down Cincinnati, splitting with Brooklyn to hold two-game edge over Dodgers, four over Redlegs at week's end.

New York dawdled along in American League, losing three out of four to Chicago and splitting pair with Detroit as Mickey Vernon came out of slump to boost home run total to 44, but so did second-place Cleveland, who could get no better than even split in six games with New York, Boston and Washington, leaving Yankees 7½ games ahead of field.

BOATING

Bill Waggoner's Shanty I, with Air Force Lieutenant Colonel Russell Sebeck at helm, buzzed over Detroit River to beat Canadian challenger Miss Superstition II by 2½ miles in first heat of Harnsworth Trophy race. Monday, after setting record in first lap, Shanty I had mishap, required tow, lost to rival, set stage for third and deciding heat.

BOXING

Joe Deas, 38-year-old journeyman boxer, broke his right hand on Walker (Red) Smith's china chin in second round, then skittered and left-jabbed until 14th, when he gambled with aching fist long enough to knock down Super lightweight champion twice, went on to take split decision and title at New Orleans.

SWIMMING

Sara Barker, 18-year-old from Bradford, Ont., called "potentially the greatest swimmer this country has ever had" by Coach Tommy Walker, churned up record-breaking swell in Canadian Olympic trials at Toronto's Willowdale Park, splashed off with five thills (100-yard butterfly, 200-yard individual medley, 100-yard backstroke, 100-yard freestyle, 400-yard freestyle), set national marks in four events.

Marilyn Bell, chunky 18-year-old Torontonian, responded dutifully to plea of wily Coach Gun Ryder, who implored, "swim home to Canada, Marilyn," conquered tide-treacherous 18.5-mile Strait of Juan de Fuca between Port Angeles, Wash. and Victoria, B.C., in record time of 19:09.

TENNIS

U.S. Davis Cup hopes received another jolt when Australia's Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall skillfully combined boomer service and neat placements to overpower Vic Seixas and Ram Richardson in four sets for U.S. doubles title at Brookline, Mass. Louise Brough and Mrs. Margaret Osborne duPont, perennial champions, won for 11th time, breezing past Shirley Fry and Betty Rosenquest Pratt 6-3, 6-0 in women's final.

FOCUS ON THE DEED



A BIG SCORE for Cleveland's Herb Score (right), who hit first major league homer in 2-1st, 3-4 win over New York Yankees.



HOOFING FOR THE FINISH, Rusty House's English-bred Mahan (second from left) stretches his neck ahead of Sir Tribal to take \$64,930 Arch Ward Memorial Handicap on grass at Chicago's Washington Park as favored Sweep (right rear) trails in seventh place.

Some moves were made to clean up the game when

the NBA met under the southern sun, but so far it's

CAREFUL SPARRING

When the rest of America watched a convention in San Francisco last week, the National Boxing Association had a convention of its own. It met first in Miami Beach, then adjourned to Havana for a diverting change of scenery. A noticeable few who attended the convention were somewhat distraught at the news that this time boxing's dirty business has come under federal investigation. Mostly, however, the membership took calmly the word that narcotics agents and the Criminal Division of the Department of Justice are looking into the activities of some of boxing's illegitimate children.

Some few delegates even welcomed the idea of federal investigation and in the end the convention took a long forward step of its own in the direction of cleaning up boxing.

The association is made up of state, county and city athletic commission members. A surprising lot of them are ex-boxers with a flair for civic enterprise, something you expect to see only occasionally. These are lovers of the sport, distressed at its decline in the small clubs since television and the IBC came upon the scene, embarrassed at the bold hoodlums have gained on it and very funny about what they can do to help. The fuss is a natural accumulation of solicitude for the good name of a beloved sport and includes a tendency to regard attacks on boxing's sticklers as attacks on boxing itself. But there is also a tendency to wish well of the attackers in the hope that they may succeed where so many commissions have failed.

This is especially confusing when you realize that men who know boxing best have, up to now, been the least effective in the drive to sanitize it and that men who know it least have been most effective. The three states that have accomplished most for decent boxing—New York, Pennsylvania and California—have done so by assigning men who knew little or nothing about the sport, and very likely cared less, to

apply trained minds to a problem of sewage disposal. The average boxing commissioner has had neither legal nor investigative training.

New York, unfortunately, is not a member of the NBA—the New York State charter seemingly forbids surrender of sovereignty—and California has not sent a delegation to an NBA convention in many a year. It remained then for the strictly amateur Pennsylvania delegation—a couple of lawyers and an ex-football player, flanked by members of the Pennsylvania attorney general's staff—to spark a movement which resulted in the framing of what George Barton of Minnesota presented as quite possibly boxing's Magna Carta.

The Magna Carta is simply a uni-

term code of boxing regulations drawn up by an 11-state committee of the NBA, and the like of it has never been seen in boxing heretofore. The delegates accepted it unanimously.

In the first place the code is unique because it is clear. Anyone who has ever read a state boxing code must recognize that this alone is a far advance. Boxing's disorderly house is due in part to the fact that most state boxing codes seem to have been compiled in the way that one would sweep together a pile of trash. In addition to its clarity, the code defines and enhances the powers of commissions to regulate boxing. (Some commissions have arrogated to themselves powers their legislatures never gave them. Some have been trying to operate with inadequate powers.) It provides that licenses—boxers, managers, promoters—be "of good moral character" and "of good reputation." Licenses may be suspended or revoked for conviction of a crime, for "unprofessional or unethical conduct," and for conduct "against the public interest." The code originally included a provision that a license could be revoked for "associating or consorting with criminals, bookmakers, gamblers or persons of similar ill repute," but this was withdrawn in committee. The retiring president, Lou



Radienda, member of the Illinois commission, had in his report struck hard at the immorality of "gait by association." Mr. Radienda has had some association with one of Chicago's biggest bookies.

Well, you can't have everything, and this tidbit was stricken before it got to the membership. Its substance is in the recently adopted Pennsylvania code and those of some other states, but it may be eliminated from all state codes if the uniform code is adopted.

This now goes to the Council of State Governments and, if approved, will then be included in the council's recommendations to the 48 state legislatures for action in 1957.

The delegates, as expected, dropped the 10-point scoring system they adopted years ago and substituted a five-point system. This would give the winner of a round five points and the loser somewhat less, depending on how badly he loses. A close round would be scored 5-4 and an even round 5-5. One reason for the change is that experience has shown that some officials do not add too well. By halving the total, it is hoped, they will be relieved of an intellectual burden. More recently, it has been found that many officials tend to score an average round 10-9, rather than 10-8 or 10-7, and are then strapped when a really close round comes along. There is, of course, no assurance that they won't now score an average round 5-4, but efforts will be made to persuade them to use a wider distribution of points.

The commissioners took up other matters, such as what to do about Sandy Saddler and his foul tactics. Solution: Whenever Saddler fights, instruct the referee to enforce the rules. And what to do about the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) and its tendency to put on big fights in states that carry IBC's favor. Solution: "If we stick together the IBC will have to stick to the laws of decency."

This week also provided boxing's lightweight division with a new champion in the tall and stately person of Joe Brown, the New Orleans Nonesuch. Last Friday night Brown took the crown in his old home town, lifting it from the uneasy head of Wallace (Bud) Smith, who had worn it with appropriate embarrassment. Smith defended his championship at long last, having in the last 10 months lost three non-titled parties—to Larry Beardman, continued on next page

WIN a round-the-world trip for two and see the Olympic Games



YOU fly TWA TO PARIS, ROME, BOMBAY AND ON TO AUSTRALIA, by connecting airlines. You get tickets to all major Olympic events from November 22 through December 1 plus room and meals at the luxurious Chevron Hotel in Melbourne, Australia.

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500 FIFTH PRIZES: You get a complete Johnson & Johnson First Aid Kit—so handy for vacation trips.

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Johnson & Johnson contributes 10 cents to the U. S. Olympic Games Fund for every entry received.

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They give you protection with comfort in all sports. Worn by winning teams.



It's fun! It's easy! Here's all you do!

1. Just write 25 additional words or less on my favorite sport because _____ (Use the story below. Get entries from your friends or sports fans. Send or put one side of a plain sheet of paper. Use a different statement for each entry.)
2. Send an entry even as you wish in "Trip to the Olympic Games Contest, Johnson & Johnson, Post Office Box 94, Mount Vernon, N.Y., New York. Enclose a few lines with each entry from any one of the following Johnson & Johnson Products: **CRUICK, EMBLETT, TRUMP or HUGGY Athletic Supporters, Johnson & Johnson Wound, Antiseptic or Knee Cap.**
3. All entries must be postmarked on later than midnight, September 15, 1956, and received by September 25, 1956.
4. All entries will be judged by The National H. (Domestic) Corporation for simplicity, originality and general interest. Judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of a tie. All entries must be the original work of the contestant. All entries will become the property of Johnson & Johnson, and none will be returned.
5. Contest open to any person residing in the United States, its possessions and Canada, except employees of Johnson & Johnson, its advertising agency, and their families. Contest subject to government regulation.
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TIP FROM THE TOP



for all golfers, inconsistent putters especially

from **ARNOLD BROWNING**, Gayles Country Club, Huntington, W. Va.

Since 30 to 45% of your total strokes are putts, whatever would improve your putting is worth your thought and study. An important part of putting understood by few average golfers is how to read the grain or the directional "nap" of a green.

Generally the grass on any one green will be consistent in the direction of its growth. On some mountain and seaside courses the grasses on all the greens grow in the same direction. However, on most courses you will find an occasional green which is inconsistent in itself—the grass in one part of the green has an entirely different directional nap than the grass in another part of that same green. The most important place to look is around the cup since the ball will be traveling slower there and will be more affected by the grain.

You should, of course, glance at more than one spot along the line of your putt but you can usually get a quick idea of the grain you're dealing with by looking at an area some 10 to 20 feet from you. If it has a dark cast to it, you can figure that the grass is growing toward you. (Putting against the grain, you must tap the ball harder.) If the grass has a light, glossy sheen to it, you can figure the grass is growing away from you. (Putting with the grain, you would naturally tap the ball a shade softer.) I think it is too complicating for the average golfer to bother unduly with cross grains, but they do, to be sure, have an obvious effect on the rolling ball.



NEXT WEEK: ART WALL ON FOLLOWING THROUGH IN PUTTING

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In Next Week's
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
Go Shopping in the

**weekend
shopper**



STRIPED BASS

continued from page 18

and the popping plugs and the tin jigs (see pages 47-49) that have been devised to fool the striped. He exhibited his collection. Turning to a young striped addict, 26-year-old Mort Urowsky, a visitor, he invited him to express an opinion.

"Striper fishing," said Mort, "is man attempting to achieve something with self-imposed limitations. You can catch a striped in a net. You can also reach the top of Mount Everest in a helicopter."

"A man," said Mrs. Jansen suddenly from a corner of the room, "looks at a striped in exactly the same way that a woman looks at a milk coat."

A few days later the investigator peeked from a smoke-filled room, his head screaming with striped lore. These things he had read of the striped:

He has other names. The scientists refer to him as *Morone saxatilis*, which means, literally, the fish that dwells among rocks. In Maryland and to the south of Maryland he is called rock or rockfish. In the north and on the Pacific coast fishermen call him the striped. Years ago he was also known as greenhead and squid hound.

He has been around longer than the United States of America. In the year 1636 William Wood wrote of him in *New England's Prospect*: "The basse is one of the best fishes in the country . . . the way to catch them is with hooks and line: the Fisherman taking a great cod-line, to which he fasteneth a peece of lobster and throwes it into the sea, the fish biting at it he pulls her to him and knockes her on the head with a stroke. . . ."

The striped is found along the Atlantic coast from the St. Lawrence to Florida and in the Gulf of Mexico from Florida to Louisiana. In 1879 and 1882 stripers were transplanted over land in tanks to the West Coast and deposited in San Francisco Bay. They thrived and multiplied there and are an important game fish today from southern California to Oregon.

In color, the striped varies from green to steel blue that pales to silver on the sides and to dead white on the belly. Sometimes he has a bronze or brassy look. Always he has seven or eight pronounced dark stripes running from head to tail on the side.

He is the size of a minnow at birth. Those most frequently taken by fishermen range from one pound to 10. Twenty-five- and 30-pounders are fairly common, 50- and 60-pounders are

rare enough to call for pictures in the sports pages. The world record striped taken on hook and line was a 73-pounder caught in Vineyard Sound off Cuttyhunk Island, Mass. in 1913. A striped weighing 112 pounds was taken in a net at Orleans, Mass. many years before that.

Fishermen call the biggest bass "bulls," but that is a misnomer. The biggest stripers are always females and so would be "cows." A 60-pound striped may be anywhere from 20 to 30 years old.

The striped is a self-made fish. Man has done nothing for him and neither have fish. He is born without a mother's love or a father's tender care. The spawning ceremony (always in brack-

ish water) takes place in the spring, east coast of Massachusetts. Cuttyhunk is the great crossroads of striped traffic. Some stay right there for the summer, some peel off and swim down Vineyard Sound to the islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. Millions of others swim past Cuttyhunk into Buzzards Bay, through the Cape Cod Canal up the Cape to Provincetown and perhaps on to Maine. After summering in the north the great majority of the stripers begin a return migration in the fall (starting in a few weeks from now) and it is during these north and south migrations that the striped addicts go mostly mad. They fish for the striped from the shore and boats; they put on skin-diving suits and go below the surface, some to spear,

TOP STRIPER SCIENTISTS



DR. EDWARD C. RAMEY of Cornell University is coordinator of U.S. striped research.



DR. DANIEL MERRIMAN of Yale wrote the definitive *Life History of the Striped Bass*.

ish or fresh water) consists of a female "broadcasting" thousands or hundreds of thousands of eggs (as many as 5 million sometimes) while a number of males set up a great splashing that has preservative consequences. After the splashing ritual both males and females forget the whole episode and the eggs are caught up in the currents to survive or perish. Most of them do perish, but if only one percent survive there are plenty of bass.

The striped's most spectacular theater of operations is that area of the Atlantic coast extending from Chesapeake Bay in Maryland to the coast of Maine. Every spring millions of bass swim out of Chesapeake Bay and move up the coast, past New Jersey, along the south shore of Long Island to Montauk, then out across the open ocean to the coast of Rhode Island, on up to Cuttyhunk, the westernmost island of the St. Elizabeth chain off the south-

east coast of Massachusetts. One man has designed a rubber suit which he inflates and floats around in, casting for the striped the while.

Now the investigator remembered a name that had been highly recommended by both Coast Hall at Cuttyhunk and Dr. Merriman at Yale. The name was Otto Scherer, for 60 years a striped fisherman.

In his office in the British Empire Building at Rockefeller Center in New York, Mr. Scherer, a manufacturer and designer of jewelry who accepts commissions from all over the world, leaned back in his chair and glanced at the photographs that lined the walls. One photograph was of an emerald necklace which he had sold for \$499,000. All the others were of fish.

Mr. Scherer is a boat fisherman who took the Cuttyhunk design of bass boats and invented new suicidal techniques of moving into the rocks at

Montauk with one breaker and getting out before the next breaker dashed the boat to bits. This is Mr. Scheer's idea of fishing. "Surf casting," he said, "is the highly developed art of fishing where they ain't. Fresh-water fishing is like fishing in the bathtub."

Mr. Scheer, a lean, tanned man of 72, said that people are continually asking him to write a book. "I won't ever do it," he said, "because what is true today may be ridiculous tomorrow. I remember when fresh-water plugs were adapted to salt-water fishing. I said they would never do. And they got the fish like crazy."

Mr. Scheer's father, William Scheer, founder of the jewelry firm, was a fisherman before him. Together they perfected certain techniques that made them the envy of striped fishermen up and down Long Island.

"We could smell the bass. We could tell where they were by the color of the water and the slicks on the water. But my father did not go along with me when I put power into the bass boat. He said the noise would scare off the fish."

"Actually, it worked the other way. I found that the striper, out of plain curiosity, would move into the propeller's wake just to see what was going on. You could take them with a short line."

As for his technique of dashing in among the rocks, Mr. Scheer said he had learned that the bass would move ashore in heavy surf and lie under the break of the breakers waiting for the smaller fish.

"The fast is," he said, "the small fish tossed up in a breaker lose their sense of direction. You can prove that by putting some small fish in a pail of water and churning it up, not just stirring it, but turning the water over with your hands. The fish get dizzy and stagger around. They do this in the breaker. The striper knows that and so he's in close to shore waiting to grab them while they are trying to get back their sense of direction."

"Do you think, Mr. Scheer," the investigator said, "that there are stripers at Montauk right now?"

Mr. Scheer smiled the air automatically. "Yes," he said, "they are there for people with the guts to go after them."

Next day, at noontime, the investigator sat on a stool in the Snack Bar at Turna's Dock in Montauk splashing cut-up over a platter of hamburger and onions and home fries. The fog was thickening outside and small craft warnings were up.

A fat man, resting beautifully of beer, slid onto a stool and peered at the investigator's attaché case, bulging with notes and papers.

"What are you selling, Mac," he said, "Neckties?"

"No," said the investigator. "I am conducting an investigation into the striped bass. I am going out for stripers this afternoon with Captain Dick Scholz, the skipper of the *Lillian S. II*."

"Are you out of your mind?" demanded the fat man. It was clear now that he had been fishing all morning with no luck.

"Captain Scholz is not worried about the weather," said the investigator.

"I am not talking about the weather," said the fat man. "I am talking

THE 'PROFESSOR'



JERRY JARMAN of New York City describes himself as a "professor of surf casting."

about the striped bass. There is no such fish."

The investigator put down the cat-snip bottle. "What do you mean?" he said.

"The striped bass is a myth," said the fat man. "It is a creature of a hoax perpetrated by trick photographers and husbands looking for an excuse to stay out all night."

"Oh?" said the investigator. "It may interest you to know that I have seen striped bass specimens in bottles at Cornell University."

"In bottles," said the fat man angrily. "These are put out by Helms. Don't go out with this skipper. Give me \$10 and go home."

"Why should I give you \$10?"

"For my advice. You'll save five times that. Show me an investment

where you can make a better profit. Give me the now, what do you say?"

The investigator paid his check and walked out. Down at the dock he found Captain Scholz all set and ready to go.

"These small craft warnings don't mean anything," said the investigator hopefully.

"Not unless you're very small and crafty," said Captain Scholz. "We're not going out far. Just along the shore. This is good weather for us. We've got a better chance in water that's just a little rough."

There were two other fishermen making the trip. One was an associate of the investigator, Arthur Bravley of Riverdale, N.Y. The other was an air-conditioning salesman named Johnny whose last name has been lost among the investigator's notes.

Captain Scholz went to the flying bridge and took the *Lillian S. II* out of the harbor as his mate rigged up the lines with golden nylon tangles known as the Jig-it-Eel. For good measure the mate added a long strip of pork rind.

About 45 minutes out from shore Captain Scholz throttled her down for trolling. The weather was getting worse, the fog thicker. The *Lillian S. II* began to rock and roll and pitch and heave. Captain Scholz on the bridge kept peering this way and that through the mist. Below, the mate smiled and said, "It is a little choppy today."

The mate passed out the rods and instructed the three fishermen to "jig it," that is, to keep jerking the rod back and forth. This was intended to give any passing striper the impression that a wounded eel was lurching by.

The weather got no better. The mate, looking around, peered sharply at the investigator, desperately jigging away, then went below and came back with a paper cup of water and two yellow pills. "You look a little green," he said.

"Take them. Some people say it's too late once you're out on the water, but I don't believe that."

The mate should have believed those people.

For two solid hours the three fishermen sat jigging. The investigator absented himself briefly, then returned to the task greener than before. Shifting his rod from one hand to the other, he jigged and he jigged and he thought back over the investigation. It occurred to him now that perhaps the soundest theory he had heard had been uttered by the fat man in the Snack Bar. There was no striper. It was a

Text continued on page 56. For a gallery of the artificial lures used to catch stripers, turn the page

LURING THE STRIPER

The selective eating habits of the striped bass are such that fishermen are forever trying to devise new and more deceptive baits with which to tempt him. On these pages *Sports Illustrated* presents some of the artificial poppers, darters, swimmers and jigs in current use

ILLUSTRATION BY HARVEY PERCIBIE



CREEK CHUB DARTER



HEDDON FLATTAIL JB



CREEK CHUB PIKE SPECIAL



BUNKER SPOON



CREEK CHUB SURFSPER



CAPE COD SPINNER AND WORM



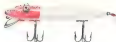
GEL SKIN RIG



DIAMOND RIG



GARCIA PLASTIC GEL



GOO-GOO EYES



QUATTRAIL JIG



MUSTARD MINNOW



TIN SQUEAL



STOPPER SWIMMER



CREEK CHUB JOINTED PIKE



MASTERLURE



JET SPOON



REVERSE ATOM



TASSELURE



FEATHER JIG



BAIT-FISH

continued on next page

STRIPED BASS

continued from page 57

myth and a hoax, a fake and a fraud.

The sea was rougher than ever. Looking over the side, the investigator saw an ugly rock and he thought of Otto Scherer. He made a vow that if ever, by some remote chance, he were to set foot again on dry land, he would forswear forever such childish enthusiasms as this one and devote his leisure to some

THE CAPTAIN



DICK SCHULTZ of Montauk, Long Island defied the skeptics and produced a striped.

northward project, say a study of the Great Books or bowling.

He looked at his fellow fishermen jigg away, smiling and happy looking, their faces ruddy with health and serenity. The investigator hated them and their joyful jigging ways.

But he jiggled on, for what is a man to do? Can he cry out, "Turn back, I am sick to the point of dying? I am weak and faint and can jig no more!"

There was nothing to be done but to jig on and perhaps to die jigging aboard this cursed craft. . . .

Then it happened.

The investigator's line suddenly screamed. It sang out to sea.

Nobody said anything. The two other fishermen started reeling in as rapidly as they could.

Captain Schultz was down from the bridge like a shot. His mate sprang to the wheel in the cabin.

The other fishermen backed away from their chairs.

The investigator's head was clear as a bell. He started to reel the line in. Then, for a split second he stopped and looked vacantly around.

The line grew slack.

"I think I've lost him," he choked.

The captain swore an oath and brandished his gaff. "Reel in, reel in!" he roared.

The fish was still there. He had tried an old striped trick: raking the boat in an attempt to lose the hook. Now he pulled away again in a great dash that made the line sing once more.

The investigator reeled her in slowly, gaining line all the time.

There was a great hush. Then the mate said, like a man speaking in church: "It . . . is . . . a . . . big fish."

All at once, 25 yards away, there—through the fog—was the apparition.

The strip—lauded, berated, slandered, exalted and desired during this investigation—made his appearance.

This wonderful creature came up out of the sea like a vision and rolled over with a flash of dazzling green and gold and silver.

Then he was gone again.

But he was being brought in now. He was tiring. He surfaced again and he came on again. Captain Schultz stood waiting, his eyes shining for all the stripes he had seen, waiting tensely with his gaff until—as the rules demanded—he could grasp the wire leader and rip into the strip with the hook.

The moment came, the strip was alongside. The investigator rose a little in his chair and looked squarely into his eyes. The strip eyed him back with an unforgettable look. There was no approach in it. It seemed to say: "I have lived a long time and I have won more battles than I have lost. Better this than the sharks."

The gaff took him and he was bearded. He weighed 47 pounds and surely was more than 20 years old.

Later, in the cocktail lounge of Rasmeyer's Lake View Inn, Captain Schultz and the fishermen toasted the strip.

The striper himself could not be brought home by train, and so it was decided that his epitaph should be written on Rasmeyer's menu: "Fresh-caught Montauk Striped Bass. Choice of two vegetables." Better that than the sharks.

Captain Schultz sipped his Scotch and soda. He looked up at a big strip mounted on the wall of the cocktail lounge and then he said firmly:

"I love that fish. And I'll tell you what he is. He's just a big, good-natured slob. He doesn't bother anybody, he just goes his own way and tries to keep out of trouble. He's no killer like the blue is. He's just a big, good-natured slob and what we

should do is hook him, bring him up to the boat, pet him and let him go."

He pointed to the attaché case lying at the investigator's feet. It was a sorry-looking bag, bulging with notes, wilted from the salt spray of the sea.

"What," said Captain Schultz, "will be the conclusion of your investigation?"

The investigator drained his glass of bouillon on the rocks, a mark of his new sophistication and a concession to his still queasy state of health. He signaled for a refill.

"Captain," he said evenly, "my conclusion will be that the striped bass is not to be investigated at all. He is to be experienced. No man can tell another what catching a strip is like."

Arthur Brawley, the investigator's associate, choked a little on his double Scotch and said:

"Would it interest you to know that while you were down below being indisposed I caught a 25-pound strip?"

"Is that so?" said the investigator absently. "Well, that is a nice size fish." He whirled the ice cubes in his glass and leaned forward.

"Boys," he said earnestly, "I'll tell you what I'm going to do now. I'm going out and get me one of those really big babies. Maybe a 60-pounder. And I'm going to get this one the hard way—surf casting—if it takes me the rest of my life!"

"He who knows and knows that he knows it wins. Follow him."

OLD ARABIC SAYING

THE INVESTIGATOR



GERALD HOLLAND—photographed on journey's end with the 47-pound quarry which he pursued from Chesapeake Bay to Bar Harbor, Maine to the tip of Long Island.

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER

In New York, a new Conservation Commissioner is appointed while in town a golf course owner, Val Brooks cringes, with caretaker Houge, builds a hazard and suffers an embarrassment of fishes



THE SUCCESSOR

THREE months ago Louis A. Wehle delivered an unimpeachably blast at his career personnel and subsequently resigned as New York Conservation Commissioner on the stated grounds of ill health (OUTDOOR WEEK, June 18 & 25). Many conservationists hoped the intrigue would discourage political appointments to specialized positions. Last week Governor Averell Harriman announced his choice as the new commissioner. He is Sharon J. Maush (pronounced maw), 55, a farmer, attorney and prominent New York Democrat from Cobleskill in Schoharie County. Although Mr. Maush is not a trained wildlife biologist, he is well regarded by most New York sportsmen.

BULL MARKET FOR BULLHEADS

VAL BROOKS operates the Brooks Country Club golf course at Okoboji, a pleasant watering place in northwest Iowa. For years club members sloshing through a swamp which bisected the fourth fairway had complained to him about soggy chip shots and seeps. Last spring Brooks finally drained the area and built in its place a neat lake measuring some 200 feet long, five feet deep and 35 feet wide.

After inspecting his handiwork, Brooks decided that it needed but one improvement—fish. He and his caretaker Arno Houge agreed that 100 carp, each weighing about five pounds, would keep the pond free of weeds and algae. He therefore placed an order with a local fishery and left town.

A couple of days later a truck pulled on to the course.

"Where do you want the bullheads?" the driver asked Houge.

The puzzled caretaker checked the waybill. Sure enough, it said catfish. Houge figured his boss had changed his mind without informing him and told the driver to dump the fish in the new

pond. They were catfish all right—3,500 pounds worth, or 25,000 fish, and before long 25,000 more arrived.

When Brooks returned the next day he didn't know anything about catfish either, except for the multitudes which rolled before his eyes. But Brooks had patience. Every day he tasted armloads of bread down the fairway to the pond. He fed the ravenous fish ground rolled oats and corn. He wearily made the rounds of nearby resort kitchens, scrounging scraps for his 50,000 hungry little mouths.

But it was just too much fish for one man. They began to die.

"I called the fishery and they came back and got some of the fish," Brooks sadly related. Then he thought of holding a fishing contest until he discovered that he would have to take out insurance to protect the contestants.

At week's end they were still packed whisker to whisker but Brooks had hit on a gimmick that was at least giving him a little rest. While searching for additional stale bread to cast upon his fairway waters he discovered that the Wonder Bread people were handing out sample packets of bread. Brooks stocked up on samples, now gives a packet to each golfer as he tees off on the first hole and asks him to toss the bread into the pond as he plays down the fourth fairway. The bullheads are growing.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—shallow speeded (or speed); SC—shallow speeded (or speed); C—dry water; D—water only; H—water only; N—water of normal height; SH—slightly high; H—high; VH—very high; L—low; R—rising; F—falling; WT—water temperature 50°; FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OVG—outlook very good; OOVG—outlook good; OOF—outlook fair; OP—outlook poor

BOHEMISIAN STORM: Kaye guides report few customers but best fishing of summer with most anglers averaging six to seven a day on lane and shrimp at H. G. Brunkhoffer of Jacksonville headed nine bowlers an upcoming tackle is one afternoon and added a 9 pound pike to fish off. OVG if no customers hit.

TROUT: WISCONSIN: FG for rainbow at Monticello State Park and OG at Robert Cowley of Route 1, Salem, Wis., took a 4-lb-ounce last week. Current River C bet L and some rain needed.

WISCONSIN: Superior: Interior lakes FG/FG in spite of warm weather. Long Shoreline and Nish River producing rainbows to 4 pounds on dries and OVG. See-run outflows hungry off Oyster River and FG.

PENNSYLVANIA: After hawking poor season in memory, anglers recently were given hope by an extended season but last week disastrous storm swept northern tier glaciers and extended runoff at 39 days. Bobbing very warm FG indeed.

MAINE: FG all over, especially lakes Moosehead and Halloway in primitive area. North Park of Snake River above Calfs Foot Rapids excellent on wet and dries. The Maple River FG with Adams. North Park of Salmon, North Park of Clearwater FG and OVG.

PACIFIC SALMON: WASHINGTON: Puget Sound rivers and large running from mouth of Quilley River to winter heavy five miles offshore with biggest fish of season a 30-pound taken last week by John Halseberger of 3331 Avenue Avenue, Seattle; OG with most fish in the 20- to 30-pound class. Inside waters of Puget Sound showing backbone rivers in 14 pounds and FG on westward side of Whidbey Island with a loaded Canal by the best bet. Seattle and Edmonds report FG for kings but OG on rain moves further into second and good weather holds.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Severe packing at Ken Blufford of Spokane collected a 60-pound in Campbell River, FG on backside in Nahcote River, Alberta Canal, Comox, Bates Beach, Qualicum and Port Alberni FG as far down as Carleton Bay; OG generally.

CALIFORNIA: Channel anglers advise FG all the way from Trinidad Head to Monterey Bay with most active spots off Trinidad Head, Klamath and Trinity rivers. Some small 10- to 15-pound fish in Sacramento River near Redding. Outhousepool midwater chases some rain could start outlook running at all points and OVG.

BLUE MARLIN: NORTH CAROLINA: Fisheries report several big marlin caught and hooked last week but only fish scored was a 304-pounder 11 feet long by 16-year-old Sanders Midgrett of Jackson, N.C. who is also state ballback at Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Virginia.

ARCTIC GRAYLING: BRITISH COLUMBIA: Many fish on Nations River beyond Port St. James and the Pampus beyond Port McCloud and FG on dry fish.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: FG on most points of St. John although OG for fall run on back Wils. Newmarket River FG and OG.

NOVA SCOTIA: Western coastline SC Aug. 11 but parts of east open until Oct. 15. Over 5,000 fish taken in province so far with St. Marys high stream with 121. Thanks to recent rains FG and OVG.

Murder and greed, beauty and song, bright hues and drab, all belong to the teeming world surrounding a

BEETLE on the BEACH

THE odd but fascinating photograph on the opposite page was taken in John C. Pallister, entomologist at the American Museum of Natural History. Shapely tomatoes, roving eyes, driftwood, sand crabs, empty whisky bottles, howling infants and surf casters are all common to beaches but this seemed to be something out of the ordinary, neither Betsam nor Jossam.

"That," said Mr. Pallister, examining the picture, "is *Coleomegilla scrutator*, the green caterpillar hunter. It is a member of the Carabidae, the ground beetle family. It ranges over the entire eastern United States, although in peirle country it tends to be replaced by *Coleomegilla californica*, which is black with golden spots. Frequently it flies over water and drops in. It can stand a lot of submerision.

"This specimen could easily have fallen into the ocean and gotten washed ashore. Or it could have been running around on the sand hunting for food."

He raised a magnifying glass to one eye.

"It seems to have lost one tarsus—no, there it is. But it has lost a part of one antenna. Ordinarily the green caterpillar hunter likes to climb trees for caterpillars. Leafworms are its favorite food. The grubs of this beetle live under leaves, humus and beach drift and prey on other insects.

"Do you find many insects on beaches?" he was asked.

Mr. Pallister smiled tolerantly.

"A lively place by day as well as by night," he said.

"There is plenty going on. The casual observer wouldn't see much. They're there but you have to look for them."

Leaning back in his swivel chair and looking his hands behind his head, Mr. Pallister proceeded to give an entomologist's version of the seashore. Sometimes it was a grim picture featuring death struggles in the insect world. At other times it was filled with bug song. There was intrigue and there was beauty.

It appears that the beach is a place haunted by insect predation. The great, gray robber flies sit on the sand watching with bulging, expressionless eyes for something to move. When it does, they pounce on it with the fury of a saber-toothed tiger. Robber flies often catch their prey in mid-air. They seize it with their legs, plunge their beaks into it and kill it with a potent injection. They even overwhelm bees, getting them from behind and knocking them out before they have a chance to strike back.

Dragonflies and damselflies dance in the sunlight above the beach while below them beetles crawl. It may be *Coleomegilla scrutator* on the prowl but more likely wandering Colorado potato beetles, lady beetles or weevils. Tiger beetles, some of them greener than emerald, are at home on the beach or near sandy areas. The larva of the tiger beetle has a neat trick for feeding itself. It lurks in a burrow with its head and mandibles just filling the surface opening. When some unsuspecting bug walks over it—whammo!—it snatches the victim in its jaws and retires for a subterranean meal. It also has hooks on its abdomen which lock into the wall of the burrow.

"In case it gets hold of something a little strong, it can't be pulled out of the hole," Mr. Pallister explained.

Mr. Pallister finds his best bug hunting in the drift thrown up by the tide. Combing this line of debris, he turns over driftwood and seaweed and is delighted when insects flee in all directions.

In fine, dry sand beyond wave action and usually in a sheltered place next to a log he finds small round holes shaped like inverted cones. These are the lairs of doodlebugs.

The doodlebug, or ant lion, has a fat body and a large pair of pinches. It travels backward. When it digs its hole it moves in a circle until it has made a depression. Then it keeps tossing sand out of the bottom of the hole until it has formed a perfect funnel-shaped trap of loose sand. At the bottom of this pit the doodlebug lurks completely hidden. When a scurrying ant or other heedless insect tumbles into the hole, it is unable to climb out again because of the bad footing on the walls of the trap. When it slides to the bottom the doodlebug grabs with its pinchers and pulls it to oblivion beneath the sand. Mr. Pallister likes doodlebugs.

"They make nice pets," he said. "You keep them in a box of sand and provide them with an ant occasionally."

Then he talked of the scarabs—the gold bug and the fig-eater—that drone over the beach at night; of the long-horned, wood-boring beetles that tumble through the darkness in search of better wood in which to bore; of flies and fleas and mole crickets.

"The beach is a great place," Pallister said.

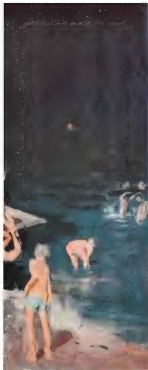
Then he bent over a tray of insects which he had been examining until confronted with the photograph of *Coleomegilla scrutator*, the green caterpillar hunter. (CRO)





SPORT IN ART

YOUTH'S PERENNIAL SUMMER SPLASH



"TWO KIDS"

In the 20th century George Bellows painted this spirited summer scene on the banks of the East River in New York.

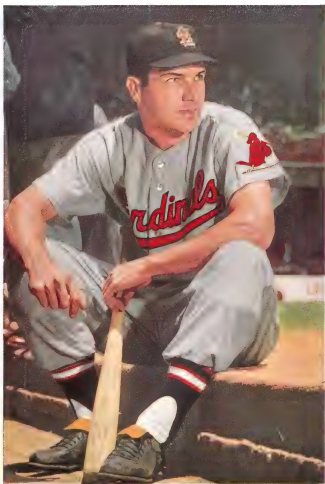


"THE SWIMMING PARTY"

In the 17th century an unknown Dutch artist recorded this tableau of Holland's young sportsmen taking a swim in a canal.

Whether the participants were Dutch country boys of the 17th century or city archers of the early 20th century, a summer sport that once attracted devotion was swimming as a revel in the local waterway. But, like some other simple delights, it has vanished from the modern scene. Only a few paintings remind of such a casual era. Holland's lads (above, right), painted by an unknown Dutch artist in the 1600s, plunged off a small boat into their canal, while a boisterous and scraggy group of lively New York City youngsters

(above), painted 300 years later by George Bellows, happily dived into the murky coolness of the East River. No fly-fishing pool was ever more inviting to an enthusiastic water nymph. Bellows painted this scene, one of many he did of urban life, in 1907 when he was 25. It was the first painting he sold at the start of a brilliant career which ended tragically with his early death in 1925. The "Kids" is now in the permanent collection of the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, D.C. The Dutch picture hangs in the Louvre in Paris.



RELAXING ON THE BENCHOUT STEPS, PAUL MONAHAN NEVER PERKS INTO A FUTURE AS BRIGHT AS ANY IN ALL OF BASEBALL.

The spring's golden boy, Ken Boyer, seemed sadly tarnished in August. The Cardinals must solve this

BRILLIANT ENIGMA

He is an athlete. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall and he weighs 194 pounds, yet he moves lightly and quickly, with perfectly controlled grace. His hands are powerful, yet they are beautifully fanned, supple, sensitive, quick. His legs are heavy and muscular, yet they look as though they had been carved by Michelangelo. His name is Kenton Lloyd Boyer. He is an athlete.

Two months ago he was a great athlete. Now the wise men of baseball wonder if he'll ever escape mediocrity.

In the spring of this year he was the subject most talked about (and almost always with delight) in the camp of the St. Louis Cardinals. As late as the 30th of June he led the National League in home runs, in runs batted in and in runs produced, and he was second in batting. He was the National League's third baseman in the All-Star Game in July, and in it was outstanding; he made three hits and two of the greatest fielding plays a third baseman has ever made.

Of him, in the spring, tactician Fred Hutchinson, manager of the Cardinals, said: "He's the kind of player you dream about: terrific speed, brute strength, a great arm. There's nothing he can't do. He's the best base runner on the team. I think he has the greatest future of any young player in the league."

But in August the slow-moving, slow-talking Hutchinson beached Boyer. The player you dream about sat in the dugout through eight straight games, watching Bobby Morgan, a 240 hitter, play in his place. He had slowly but steadily slumped through July and had all but stopped dead early in August. His average had declined to .305. He had stopped hitting home runs (19 before July 1, only two after). In the last 10 games before Hutchinson decided at last to beach him, Boyer had batted a futile .174 and had not had one extra-base hit.

The rest, Hutchinson hoped, would restore his power. But when Boyer

finally did return to the lineup, volatile Frank Lane, general manager of the Cardinals, screamed down from the press box high behind home plate in Busch Stadium in St. Louis: "Swing the bat, damn it! Swing the bat!" And then to the others in the press box, and to the sky and to the world for that matter, Lane complained: "He hasn't swung hard in two months."

Down on the field Boyer demonstrated that Lane was, technically, exaggerating, for he did swing hard, once or twice. Once he hit a long foul that

didn't miss being a home run by much, and he followed that with a sharp double to left. But more often he swung weakly, off balance, seemingly fooled by the pitch. When he managed a base hit, it was frequently one that he had sliced to right, rather than pulled to left. Lane was exaggerating, but he was right. Now Hutchinson, his dream of May an August nightmare, has recast his opinion of the spring. "Boyer has everything he needs to be a great player except for one thing. He has to develop more drive, more aggressiveness. He doesn't push enough."

Frank Lane said substantially the same thing, in language that was perhaps a little more colorful, a bit more earthy and specific.

A St. Louis sportswriter who follows the Cardinals said, in a wistful tone, "I think maybe the only thing wrong with Ken is that he was born with so much ability. He never had to try hard. Somebody else, a fellow like Stanly or Billy Martin, has to fight all the way. Stanly had to scramble and work like the devil to learn how to do things Ken

continued on next page

X-RAY

TEAM PERFORMANCES

Team	Wins (L)	Losses (R)	Games	Runs	Home Runs	Runs Batted In	Fielding
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
St. Louis	6-2	2-8	19	147	10	100	15-5
New York	6-3	3-2	19	125	10	94	14-5
San Francisco	4-2	4-2	19	118	9	88	14-5
Los Angeles	6-3	3-2	19	115	9	87	13-6
San Diego	5-4	3-3	19	110	8	85	13-6
Philadelphia	5-4	3-3	19	105	8	80	12-7
San Francisco	4-3	4-2	19	100	7	75	12-7
San Francisco	4-3	4-2	19	100	7	75	12-7
AMERICAN LEAGUE							
Detroit	6-3	2-8	19	140	10	100	15-5
Chicago	6-3	3-2	19	135	10	95	14-5
Los Angeles	4-2	4-2	19	115	9	85	14-5
Cleveland	4-3	3-3	19	110	8	80	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6

TEAM LEADERS

Team	Wins (L)	Losses (R)	Games	Runs	Home Runs	Runs Batted In	Fielding
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
St. Louis	6-2	2-8	19	147	10	100	15-5
New York	6-3	3-2	19	125	10	94	14-5
San Francisco	4-2	4-2	19	118	9	88	14-5
Los Angeles	6-3	3-2	19	115	9	87	13-6
San Diego	5-4	3-3	19	110	8	85	13-6
Philadelphia	5-4	3-3	19	105	8	80	12-7
San Francisco	4-3	4-2	19	100	7	75	12-7
San Francisco	4-3	4-2	19	100	7	75	12-7
AMERICAN LEAGUE							
Detroit	6-3	2-8	19	140	10	100	15-5
Chicago	6-3	3-2	19	135	10	95	14-5
Los Angeles	4-2	4-2	19	115	9	85	14-5
Cleveland	4-3	3-3	19	110	8	80	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to Aug. 20)

Team	Wins (L)	Losses (R)	Games	Runs	Home Runs	Runs Batted In	Fielding
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
St. Louis	6-2	2-8	19	147	10	100	15-5
New York	6-3	3-2	19	125	10	94	14-5
San Francisco	4-2	4-2	19	118	9	88	14-5
Los Angeles	6-3	3-2	19	115	9	87	13-6
San Diego	5-4	3-3	19	110	8	85	13-6
Philadelphia	5-4	3-3	19	105	8	80	12-7
San Francisco	4-3	4-2	19	100	7	75	12-7
San Francisco	4-3	4-2	19	100	7	75	12-7
AMERICAN LEAGUE							
Detroit	6-3	2-8	19	140	10	100	15-5
Chicago	6-3	3-2	19	135	10	95	14-5
Los Angeles	4-2	4-2	19	115	9	85	14-5
Cleveland	4-3	3-3	19	110	8	80	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6

PURE PRODUCTION

Team	Wins (L)	Losses (R)	Games	Runs	Home Runs	Runs Batted In	Fielding
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
St. Louis	6-2	2-8	19	147	10	100	15-5
New York	6-3	3-2	19	125	10	94	14-5
San Francisco	4-2	4-2	19	118	9	88	14-5
Los Angeles	6-3	3-2	19	115	9	87	13-6
San Diego	5-4	3-3	19	110	8	85	13-6
Philadelphia	5-4	3-3	19	105	8	80	12-7
San Francisco	4-3	4-2	19	100	7	75	12-7
San Francisco	4-3	4-2	19	100	7	75	12-7
AMERICAN LEAGUE							
Detroit	6-3	2-8	19	140	10	100	15-5
Chicago	6-3	3-2	19	135	10	95	14-5
Los Angeles	4-2	4-2	19	115	9	85	14-5
Cleveland	4-3	3-3	19	110	8	80	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6

THE BOOKIES

Team	Wins (L)	Losses (R)	Games	Runs	Home Runs	Runs Batted In	Fielding
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
St. Louis	6-2	2-8	19	147	10	100	15-5
New York	6-3	3-2	19	125	10	94	14-5
San Francisco	4-2	4-2	19	118	9	88	14-5
Los Angeles	6-3	3-2	19	115	9	87	13-6
San Diego	5-4	3-3	19	110	8	85	13-6
Philadelphia	5-4	3-3	19	105	8	80	12-7
San Francisco	4-3	4-2	19	100	7	75	12-7
San Francisco	4-3	4-2	19	100	7	75	12-7
AMERICAN LEAGUE							
Detroit	6-3	2-8	19	140	10	100	15-5
Chicago	6-3	3-2	19	135	10	95	14-5
Los Angeles	4-2	4-2	19	115	9	85	14-5
Cleveland	4-3	3-3	19	110	8	80	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6
San Francisco	4-3	3-3	19	105	8	75	13-6



BROTHER CLOYD. 28. Former major league pitcher (Cards, A's). Now in rehab.



BROTHER WAYNE. 26. Former minor league pitcher-outfielder. Now in dentistry.



BROTHER LYNN. 21. Former minor league first baseman. Entering college.

BASEBALL

continued from page 27

could do the first time he tried them. If he had drive, if he was Ernie Slaughter, say, he'd be the greatest ballplayer you ever saw."

Boyer himself, quiet and self-assured, did not seem as disturbed by his slump, which he seemed to feel was a temporary thing.

"I don't know if I am a .330 hitter," he said calmly, and the implication was clear that he felt that his hitting slump was probably a leveling off process, working in accordance with the immutable laws of chance, and that an average of .304 or so was nothing that a second-year man in the major leagues need be ashamed of. He seemed mildly disturbed that others should blame his hitting decline on his personality.

"Lane talked to me," Boyer said. "He's talked about drive and aggressiveness. I don't think I really know what he means. I know that I try, that I give everything I have. I don't loaf. I know that all my life people have been saying that to me, that I don't look as if I'm trying. I guess I don't look as if I'm putting out. But I am."

"I don't think hustle is something you can see all the time. Like Ernie Slaughter. Everybody talks about the way he runs in and off the field between innings. That's the least important part of Slaughter's hustle. The thing that counts is the way he runs on the bases and in the outfield. That's what makes him a hustling ballplayer, not the way he runs off the field."

"Take Mural. I heard about him for years and when I sat next to him on the bench I know that he wants to win

in the worst way. He hustles. His legs aren't so good now as they were, but he used to be going for the extra base all the time. But you didn't see him breaking his back running in off the field. Or Alvin Dark. Anyone will tell you Dark's a hustling ballplayer. Or Robinson. I don't believe there's anyone who hustles more than Robinson does. And he walks off the field between innings."

Boyer insists that he hustles, and anyone who has watched him streak back at an angle into left field foul territory after a shallow foul fly understands that he does. But perhaps it's true, too, that he does not have that innate compulsion to succeed, to win, at all costs.

BETTER THAN HICKET

Boyer was born in 1931 in Liberty, Mo., which is near Kansas City, but his home town—that is, the town he really grew up in—is Alta, a small place not too far outside of Joplin, in southwestern Missouri. He had six brothers (and five sisters) and across the street from his home the town was thoughtful enough to build a ball park. The Boyer brothers and the boys of three neighboring families took over the park, more or less. As they grew older they played together pretty much as a unit in the same league for several years. Ken, third in age of the Boyer brothers, played shortstop. One of his opponents was a stocky, blond shortstop on the Baxter Springs (Kan.) team named Mickey Mantle, who was five months younger than Boyer and not as good a ballplayer at that time. Boyer was the league's All-Star shortstop in three different seasons.

Bulford Cooper, the team's coach,

was a St. Louis Cardinal "bird dog," a volunteer scout who received a flat fee of \$250 for securing a good prospect for the Cardinals and a \$1,000 bonus if the boy became established in the majors. (Cooper received his bonus for Ken Boyer just a few months ago.) Cloyd Boyer, Ken's oldest brother, signed with St. Louis and pitched for both the Cardinals and the Kansas City Athletics. Wayne, the second brother, was an excellent prospect and played minor league ball before giving up baseball to study dentistry. Ken signed at 18 after his graduation from high school. His younger brother, Lynn, was a good first baseman in minor league ball, but he broke his wrist this season and has decided to quit baseball and go to college. The next younger brother, Chet, signed a bonus contract with the Kansas City Athletics last year. (Cloyd since has gone back down to the minors, to Sacramento, but in 1955 three Boyer brothers were active major leaguers at the same time, thus joining the Wrights, the Delahantys, the Sewells and the DiMaggios in a unique group of families that could boast of three brothers simultaneously in the major leagues.)

In all, nine of the dozen or so boys in the four families in the Boyers' immediate neighborhood later played professional baseball. In this remarkably gifted group of young athletes, Boyer was outstanding. He was a high school basketball player of great skill and had athletic scholarships offered to him from more than a dozen major colleges. When he signed with the Cardinals he could have received a sizeable bonus.

Boyer spent only two minor league seasons as a third baseman before be-



BROTHER CLETIS, 18. Major League infielder with Athletics. Bonus: \$25,000.



BROTHER RONALD, 12. Little League pitcher-outfielder. Entering seventh grade.



BROTHER LEONARD, 1. A highly touted pitching prospect. Entering fifth grade.

coming the St. Louis regular at that position in 1965, though it took six years, counting two during which the Cardinals experimented with him as a pitcher and two more in the Army. The idea persists that inwardly Boyer feels that if he had been started at 18 as a third baseman he would have made it up to the Cardinals that much faster. Did he, he was asked, ever have any doubts that he would reach the major leagues? He considered the question seriously, trying to remember.

"No," he said slowly. "No. I don't think I ever did. I might have been a little scared going up to Houston, but when I got there and saw the players I said to myself, 'Hell, I played with fellows like this in the Army.'"

Boyer's self-confidence is based on an almost innocent appreciation of his own capability.

"An athlete," he said, "first of all has to have ability that the dear Lord gives him. The plays that Willie Mays makes, they aren't all planned and thought out. A big part of it is ability the dear Lord gave him. Then you have to have desire. And that's not just wanting to. It's—well, my brother Wayne. He and Cloyd and I were always pretty much together playing ball when we were kids and he was just about as good as either of us. Cloyd and I both made the majors. But Wayne, he was always sort of a bookworm. And he looked ahead and decided, well, he was going to go to college. He's in den-

tal school now and then he'll start to practice, and when we're all through in our career, baseball, he'll be just really getting under way in his. He thinks things out and plans them, and he's doing what he wants to do. But I always had the desire to play big league ball."

The desire, then, would seem to be there, and certainly the ability that the dear Lord gave him. If Hutchinson and Lane are right, that the catalyst needed to turn these qualities into baseball greatness is an aggressive desire to win, not just to play, then they face the greatest challenge in their careers. For an athlete like Kerton Lloyd Boyer to die on the vine as a run-of-the-mill ballplayer would be in its own unique way a baseball tragedy. (KNO)

HIGHLIGHT

THE BROOKLYN DODGERS WERE HOST for the last time this season on a 16-game road trip which is vital to their hopes of repeating as champions of the National League. In St. Louis, their first stop, they got off to a fine start by sweeping a two-game series. With the trip nearly over, the Dodgers were holding their own and appeared to be in good shape for the feverish five weeks left of the pennant campaign, most of which they will spend in Ebbets Field.

The irony, though, was that an essentially pitched ball in the ninth inning of the second game in St. Louis may have more effect on the pennant race than all the games won or lost by the Dodgers last week. The pitch hit Clem Labine, rubber-armed relief specialist of the Dodgers, on the right wrist and chipped a bone, crippling him for at least two weeks and perhaps crippling the Dodgers for the rest of the season.

A few simple figures are sufficient to point out what Labine means to the Dodgers. In the 116 games played by Brooklyn, he appeared in 82 and was responsible for over a third of the club's victories, with 16 saves and also wins credited to him. Just how long Brooklyn can continue to win without Clem Labine warming up in the bullpen is a verisimile riddle.

That game between the Cardinals and Dodgers was remarkable in other respects too. The Cardinals played hot potato with the ball and by generously conceding four unearned runs managed to insure a Dodger victory, 5-3. That in itself isn't so surprising, considering the fortunes of St. Louis baseball this season. The stunner to Cardinal fans was the fact that the leader of the circulate festivities in the St. Louis infield was none other than The Man, Stan Musial. He made two glaring errors and went hitless for the second night in a row. Afterwards Musial had to admit, "It was the worst game I ever played." Evidently the fans thought so, too, for when Stan came to the plate in the eighth inning they bombarded him with the loudest chorus of boos in his long career (most say 16 of them inserted their apologies in the St. Louis press). Cardinal General Manager Frank Lane nearly burst a blood vessel hurling derisive remarks at Musial and the bumbling Cardinals from the press box. Then, pulling the nearest switch of this political year, he turned just as emphatically to their defense when the fans started booing.

For different reasons, it was a night both clubs would like to forget.—L.W.

DEAN OF THE GRAND OLD GAME

Player, reporter and essayist, Bernard Darwin is golf's greatest historian. Herewith, on the occasion of his 80th birthday, an appreciation of his work and, in his own words, his most striking memories of 50 years on the links

Few people are better qualified to introduce Bernard Darwin to those who may not know his work than SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Golf Editor Herbert Warren Wind. In England last year he persuaded golf's grand old man to write the personal recollections which begin on page 62; and from his own memories of a long association, he has culled the tribute which follows:

NEXT WEEK, on September 7th to be exact, Bernard Darwin will be 80 years old. It is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's privilege on this happy occasion to be able to present to its readers an article by Mr. Darwin (which begins on page 63), and it is my pleasant task to tell those of you who have yet to make Mr. Darwin's acquaintance a little about the man and why his 80th birthday is an occasion.

To start at the beginning, Bernard Darwin is the greatest writer on golf the world has ever known. He is much more than that. He may be the greatest of all sportswriters. Many think he is. Sir John Squire, an English critic, rated him one of the six finest general essayists since Charles Lamb. Numerous Dickens scholars feel that no one has ever written quite so felicitously of their hero as has Darwin. His children's stories are wonderful. Golf was simply very fortunate that so excellent a writer should have chosen to devote so much of his time to it. Thanks to Bernard, golf has acquired the sturdiest literature of any game. The best of it is Darwin's—about two dozen books in all—and the rest is as good as it is largely because he showed the writers who came after him how golf could and should be written. This brings to mind a remark I once heard to the effect that Artie Shaw never would have become a great swing clarinetist had there been no Benny Goodman to show him the general direction in which to head. On that I am in no position to comment, but I have never met any serious golf writer whose love and understanding of the game was not nurtured on Darwin. In fact, I know of more than a few golf writers and golfers who are inclined to think that they gravitated to the game because they found that reading Bernard Darwin struck some responsive chord

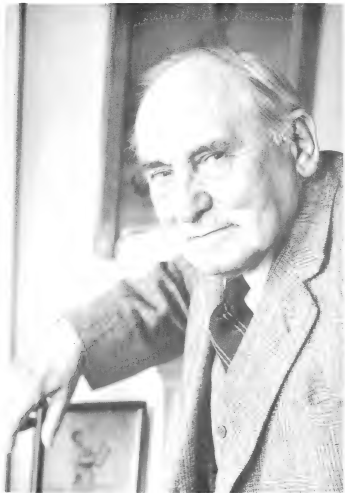
within them, and they wanted to get closer and closer to the world (and the way of life, too, for it is nothing less) that he evoked.

A grandson of Charles Darwin, the famous naturalist who propounded the theory of evolution, Bernard Richard Meirion Darwin was born in 1876 and grew up in the inevitable plebeian of stimulation afforded the members of that remarkable family. (Gwen Raverat's recent bestseller, *Period Piece*, contains some very entertaining glimpses of Bernard the boy.) He entered Cambridge University in 1894. It was at just this time that the first great British professionals—J. H. Taylor, Harry Vardon and James Braid—were coming excitingly to the fore, and Bernard's enthusiasm for golf, which was immense to begin with, was further increased by the trips he took to watch the glamorous triumvirate in action. After graduation he became a lawyer. Then one day in 1906 he came to the decision that the legal life was not for him. He turned in his wig, as one might say, and shortly afterwards embarked upon a new career as the golf writer for the *Times* of London. He filed that position for, roughly, the next 45 years.

In accordance with the *Times's* tradition, Darwin's columns were signed only with the phrase "By our golf correspondent," but his work had such a distinction that everyone came to know it was Darwin, just as most readers of *The New Yorker* know that the bulk of the superb, anonymous "Notes and Comments" that lead off that magazine's "Talk of the Town" section are the work of E. B. White. Darwin also wrote some of the *Times's* light editorials and contributed to a slew of magazines in Britain and America, foremost to *Cavalry Life*, for which he continues to write. Then there were his books, of course, and of these I only wish to say that three of his most recent ones—*Golf Between Two Wars*, *Golf* (an anthology and James Braid—are heartening demonstrations that there are some writers whom age cannot wither. These books have all of that unassuming but telling command, that fusion of springtime spirit and autumnal thoughtfulness

continued on page 66

Bernard Darwin at the age of 80 poses before some sporting prints in his English home



BERNARD DARWIN

continued from page 60

that characterized *Out of the Rough*, *Playing the Links* and those other earlier pillars of golf libraries scattered throughout the green corners of the world. Bernard never tried to lull his readers over with exhibitions of his brilliance or power, but his writing, modest and restrained as it is, has a quiet magic and a terrific staying power. Though never intended to be literature, it is.

One of the reasons Bernard wrote, and writes, so well about golf was that he was a real player himself. He represented England countless times in international matches against Scotland, Wales and Ireland. He played for Britain in the first Walker Cup match in 1922, though this needs a word of explanation. Bernard had come over to the States that summer—his first trip since '13 when he had been Outright's scorer at Brookline in the momentous playoff with Vardon and Bay—simply to cover the Walker Cup match for his paper. However, on the eve of the event, Robert Harris, the British captain, became ill, and Bernard was rushed into the bench. He and Cyril Tolley lost their loneome to Outright and Guilford, but old Bernard was his angles hardly from Bill Fownes. Having been under fire in hot competition himself, Bernard understood perfectly the feelings, involved and rampant, experienced by players in the strain of tournaments. It brought unusual excitement to his writing—you were right with the golfer.

Several other facets of Darwin's style served further to endear him to his readers. His wit and erudition are those of the full man who happens to love sport and not those of a sportswriter pressing to attract attention through gimmicky phrases. He had the courage to waive ubiquity and omniscience in golf, battle as you will, you cannot see every important shot, and Bernard was not hesitant to confess that as he stood, say, at the 17th tee, a wild shout went up from the fifth green to which he hustled to arrive only just as an even more colossal roar broke the air at the 12th. He was extremely sympathetic to the golfers he wrote about. He never dismissed them with a superior "So-and-so cracked wide open" or "So-and-so then muffed that simple shot"; his experience as a tournament player gave him a more complete understanding of what was taking place, and he wrote of it from the golfer's viewpoint. Do not be misled, though, into thinking of Bernard as having the grivied generosity of Daddy Long Legs. Not at all. There is an implicit strain of toughness in him. He always called a spade machine a spade machine. I doubt if he ever wrote a line he did not believe in. He never praised a golfer whom he did not consider praiseworthy. When he admired someone, you could be sure that person was worthy of admiration.

One of the rarest things in the world is the man of unmistakable talent who in "real life" possesses even a thread of the attractive traits which his work would lead you to believe were the warp and woof of his personality. Bernard was quite different: the man at the desk and the man away from the desk were one and the same person—warm, honest, enjoyable and unflinchingly gracious. A few years ago—I think this anecdote is as illustrative as any—I happened to be starting on a golf anthology and wrote to Bernard asking if, from his extensive reading, there were any particular pieces he felt should be included in such a collection. I don't have his letter around, and I can only paraphrase what he wrote. It began with an explanation that my request was somewhat difficult inasmuch as he had recently completed an anthology of his own. However, he went on,

I would do well to look into—and herewith he rolled off a whole parade of books, essays and reports by a dozen authors that struck him as being of unusual quality.

At all get-togethers of golfers, there is talk of Bernard, and this invariably includes several people's bringing up some recent line of his they got a particular kick out of. One I heard last year which sticks with me uncommonly well is a simple short introductory phrase: "Until the fatal spread of education. . . ." It would appear to reveal the most snobbish of outlooks, if you did not know the source to be the most feeling of men, and then you cotton on to all that the phrase implies. For me, rightly or wrongly, it is like the screen door entrance to Bernard Darwin's attitude to living in general, to golf specifically. One of the commanding frustrations of life is that all too often the things one likes best and respects the most somehow get undeveloped or lost through a lack of appreciation of their worth, or some supposedly progressive trend popularizes all the charm and pleasure out of them. When I read Darwin, I get the feeling that his love of golf (and the world of golf) has more than a little to do with its being one sector of life that he found sweet and wonderful as a boy, which he hoped would remain as appealing as he first thought it was and which, indeed, has remained so. It is a climate in which one competes on friendly terms where to win is satisfying, to lose is not humiliating and where no one in his right mind would choose to stand on the sidelines since he would be missing so much wonderful stuff that has to do neither with winning nor losing.

It has been said of Dr. Johnson that it was not what he wrote that was important but the ideas and thoughts he started rolling. This is not exactly true of Bernard Darwin—he is a better writer than Johnson—but, like the doctor, his writing constitutes a very small part of what he has done for golf and golfers.

—E. W. W.



DARWIN IN HIS PLAYING DAYS makes a recovery from the road-side at St. Andrews under the expert eyes of small boy driving a cart.

GREAT MOMENTS OF GOLF

by BERNARD DARWIN

Writes especially for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EVERY GAME has its intense moments which fix themselves forever in the memory. To the swifter-moving games belong those instants of victory or defeat which pass almost as the speed of thought. The historic moments of golf are slower and more drawn out and, for that very reason, perhaps the harder to bear. The hush that falls upon a golfing crowd as the player studies a fateful putt is full of agony. I have many visions from Scottish links of a big, black square of people watching and waiting around the green with only the cry of cullivies overhead to break that eerie silence.

These moments are apt to be capricious. While some have been obviously filled with impending doom, others have been apparently trifling accompaniments to the big show, and yet it is they that remain when the rest have faded. It is now 76 years since golf and I were first acquainted, and I will try to pick out of memory's storehouse a few instants of golfing time which are to me unforgettable. I will choose those in which American golfers have played some of the chief parts.

I shall presently dive back into the past, but I am going to begin out of chronological order with a fairly recent instance from our Amateur Championship at St. Anne's, which was won by that cheerful and imperishable young golfer from Texas, Joe Conrad. It was in the final in which he met Alan Slater from Yorkshire, a good and resolute player, of whom no one had dreamed that he would get so far. Conrad had been 4 up after 18 holes, and he won the first after lunch. Five up—he was palpably in Easy Street. And then came one of those spurts that are the most thrilling things in golf, and the holes began to slip away, in the old phrase, like snow off a dille. Down to 4, to 3,

to 2 and, after the 8th, down to one. The 9th is a short hole; Slater was perhaps 20 feet from the hole and Conrad 10. Slater holed his long one, and a mighty shout went up to heaven; surely the last hole of the lead was gone. But Conrad was not thus tarried; he holed likewise for a half in 2, and still he held his one hole. Instantly to the experienced watchers, skilled in omens, it seemed that a crisis was past; the attack had spent itself and now would come the counterattack. So it did; Conrad won the 11th and 13th and was never again in serious peril.

I give that as an example of the kind of decisive moment that I have in mind, and now I go back over 50 years to Walter Travis' victory in our Amateur Championship at Sandwich in 1904. If it did not actually found the American golfing empire, it certainly gave the foundations of the British one a very definite shake. What I may call the Travis terror came on by degrees as he holed more long putts with his then strange center-shafted putter, and, as our players went down before him one by one, we, who had at first esteemed his chances lightly, became more and more fatalistic. But this happened so gradually that I have in my mind's eye only one comprehensive picture of that small, vaguely sinister figure with the black cigar. He is standing still as a statue, Schenectady putter in hand, watching his ball rolling inexorably towards the hole. Yet one particular moment does come back to me. I am by the first tee in company with that enthusiastic American golfer, Devereux Emmet, waiting for Travis to drive off. Emmet turns to me with an expression of rapt ecstacy and says solemnly, "You may not believe it, but this man is one of the great golfers."

He was quite right, and I have never

forgotten it. Now after an interval of nine years, I come to another great golfer, Francis Guirnet, whose marker I was when he beat Vardon and Ray in the historic playoff for the Open at The Country Club in 1913. But before we get to the tremendous events at Brookline, I must have a little light relief from Garden City. I went there first to watch the Amateur Championship and had the good fortune to see what is still, I imagine, the record tie in the qualifying rounds; 11 players tied for 10 places. Among them were the illustrious Jerome Travers, destined to win the championship, who had gravely endangered himself by a calamitous last hole; Robert Watson, who was, I think, then the president of the USGA; and Heinrich Schmidt, who had considerably distinguished himself in our championship at St. Andrews earlier in the summer and returned with a sovereignty in the form of a thick, voluminous knickerbocker suit of a pronounced check. This he wore despite the blazing weather, and I think some of his competitors held that this was carrying the worship of Scotland ostentatiously far. If so, it added a spice of malice to the "very tragical mirth" that followed.

The method of playing off a tie, all 11 setting out at once at the first hole, was new to my British eyes. Since there was room for all but one within the fold, steadiness rather than brilliance was wasted. The drive must be straight; after that there remained a straightforward pitch over a bearded bunker, and any approach well over the green would probably be good enough, since one or two players were in trouble from the tee. Not so Heinrich Schmidt, for he was the longest and straightest of all the drivers. A five would clearly serve, but the gods meaning to destroy poor Heine first rendered him mad. He took some much lofted club and played a high shot, very nearly perfect but alas! not quite. It just failed to carry the bunker; with his next the ball bounded back from the bearded face; with the next again it was gently fluffed back into the bunker. That was 4 and there was another—I think he was Mr. Ulmer—who had also played 4 and was not yet on the green.

It would have been painful enough if the two poor wretches could have played it out there and then, but they could not. They had to wait in their agony while nine other players got 4s or 5s and much jocular handshaking. How long it took I cannot say, but to

continued on next page

GREAT MOMENTS

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the two victims it must have seemed a foretaste of eternity. At last their turn came. Heinrich Schmidt got his 7, and it seemed as if he might live to fight another hole; but Mr. Ulmer (if it was Mr. Ulmer) heled a good long putt for 8. The ordeal was over, and the hero of St. Andrews eliminated. It was like the most ghostly game of musical chairs ever played.

A curly downhill putt

The account of Francis' triumph over Vardon and Ray has been written many times. The rain, the sodden ground, the puddles on the polo field, the damp, raw fog hanging above the treetops, the towels to keep the clubs dry, the crowds pouring out from Boston to see the heroic young defender of his country, the hush of the megaphones—they are still fresh in memory after three-and-forty years; but one moment stands out among the many, not from the playing off of the tie but from Francis' great putt on the day before which made a tie of it. Several others had had their chances of catching the two Englishmen; one by one they had fallen down; only Francis had held on and he had nearly fallen. Now there are only two holes left to play, two good stiff par 4 holes, and he has got to do them in seven strokes to tie. At the 17th he plays a beautiful second but is still left with a curly downhill putt. How long? I do not now trust myself to say, but will hazard 15 feet. The ball takes the curve to perfection, and in it miraculously goes. And then comes the unforgettable scene. I look at the people round me, substantial citizens of Boston, and they all seem to have gone suddenly mad. Their mouths are wide open, their eyes jumping out of their heads, their hats waving in the air. And if ever people had the right, say the duty to shout, they have it now.

Much the same scene is enacted at the same green next day when Francis holes the very same downhill putt for another 3. But the madness cannot be quite so glorious again. The first time it had come from the joy of being unbelievably saved; this time it is only the confirmation of certain salvation. Nothing can stop Francis now, and yet it is a comfort to see his ball soaring over the sodden cross-bunker to the haven where it would be. I suppose I signed the winner's card and handed it over to the constituted authorities, because I have seen it since at The

Country Club, but I must have done so in a state of semiconsciousness.

Now we must have something of the immortal Bobby. A kind friend once said that he read anything I wrote on golf except about Bobby Jones; as to him there was nothing to say and superlatives were a bore. Nevertheless I must take the risk, and for my moment I shall go first to St. Anne's in Lancashire at the Open Championship of 1925, the more readily because there is here a Hagen moment too. Bobby is partnered by Al Watrous; they are leading the field, and one of them will in all human probability win. Bobby has been having a hard time. Still he has now come with a fine rush; he has caught Watrous and they are even with two holes to play. At the 17th Watrous is right down the fairway, but Bobby has pulled his ball, not into a specific bunker as it is often described, but onto a waste of sand where there is today a little memorial to mark the spot as far as it can be identified. I am walking with Bill Fownes as he, looking at Watrous' ball and speaking of the value of winning the British Championship, observes, "He'll have that shot for about \$100,000." Watrous plays the shot well enough to the outskirts of the green, and now for Bobby's. The shot is, I suppose, about 160 or 170 yards long. The ball is lying well, but to take as much as a teaspoonful of sand would wreck the stroke. He uses his mauls-iron, as it was then called, and hits the ball as clean as if a bird had flown away with it. It comes in beautifully with a touch of draw and leaves him an easy 4. Poor Watrous takes three putts, and there is no \$100,000.

Later Walter Hagen arrives on the 18th tee, wanting a 2 to tie with Bobby at a hole some 370 yards long. He hits a straight drive, walks forward to survey the green and then with a typically magnificent gesture has the flagstick taken out. The shot is magnificent too, for the ball very, very nearly pitches right into the hole. History has a way of being improved upon, and I have lately read an account by an American author who certainly was not there of how the ball remained an inch or two away. In fact, it went bounding on into a bunker behind the green, and Hagen, on the out Caesar out nullas principle, carelessly took 6 to hole out. Perhaps that author was thinking of Frank Stranahan's second-to-the-last hole at Hoylake in 1947. He also had a 2 to tie, and the ball finished three or four inches from the hole.

I must have one more moment of

Bobby, that when he won the Open Championship again in the following year at St. Andrews with an inveterate, almost indecent score of 3 under 4. He is winning by the length of the street—there is no doubt of that—but a huge crowd is following him to the end. His second has been a little cautious, and his ball lies in the Valley of Sin short of the green. He plays a perfect approach putt to lie stone dead; up swarms the crowd onto the edge of the green. He taps the ball in, and in an instant there is no green left to see; nothing but a swirling mass, with Bobby heisted on a worshiping shoulder, feverishly holding the famous putter, Calanthy Jane, out of danger.

The hum of mighty hosts

That last green at St. Andrews has witnessed many such scenes, and I cannot for the life of me refrain from naming one of them, that of our solitary Victory in the long series of Walker Cup matches in 1938. The wide empty plain stretching from the clubhouse to the Swilcan burn lends itself well to the movement of armies, and there is the tramping and the hum of mighty hosts there this afternoon. Ewing and Ray Wilfong are driving to the horse hole; Ewing is dorny one, and, if he can but halve the hole, the day is ours. One army is with them, and then away in the distance at the 14th green we see another army suddenly breaking ranks and dissolve to come pouring towards the burn. That can mean only one thing: Kyle has beaten Haas, and Ewing and Wilfong no longer matter; nothing matters, we have won. Now the two armies are fused in one black mass and again come storming up the slope like the Old Guard at Waterloo. Ewing lays his putt dead, and Wilfong misses. On the outskirts of the crowd, Sam McKinlay advances towards me with outstretched hand. "Well, Bernard," he says, "we have lived to see this day." A little while later our American Amateur Champion, Charlie Yates, was leading the assembly in singing "A wee dash and doris. . ."

Menoccy's storehouse is still full of St. Andrews pictures, and two of them are tragic. There is Gene Sarazen battering away a second championship that ought infallibly to have been his, against the cruel sandy wall of the hill bunker at the 11th hole. There is poor Leo Diegel left with a putt of a yard to halve that same championship and barely succeeding in hitting the ball. There is Craig Wood, who did halve it with Dennesmo Shate, taking off his shoes and stockings at the first hole

and playing his floating ball out of the burs and onto the green. That is a stroke that the old dishard, Mr. George Gleason, had once, many years before, called "No good at all, flat monkey's tricks." Nor must I forget that battle between two very great ladies, Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Glenn Collett. The historic moment there did not come to me nor to anyone watching the match, but to an innocent, nonsmiling stranger walking in the St. Andrews streets. Enter to him a postman on his rounds who, with no word of preface and a face of gloom, announced: "She's 5 down." Such indeed was the incredible news from the links. Miss Wethered was 5 down and very nearly more. I still shudder in recalling the putt that Miss Collett did not hole to be 6 up. As every golfing schoolgirl knows, Miss Wethered was in the end on the 39th green, but it was almost a pity that both heroines could not be crowned.

Finally I must go from St. Andrews to Carnoustie to catch a glimpse of Hogan's championship two years ago. Not since Harry Vardon's invincible days with a gutty ball did one single golfer so dominate and monopolize a championship as Ben Hogan did this one of ours. There are eyes for nobody else. A Scottish crowd is nothing if not patriotic, and as long as Eric Brown is in the running with two fine rounds there are doubtless hopes and prayers for him, but once he has faded I think every man, woman and child on the links wants Hogan to win. His gallant crusade in quest of the one prize he has never tried to win, his astonishing recovery from his accident and his own pleasant personality have won him many hearts but, apart from these things, there is the conviction that he is just too good, that it would be an unbearable shame if anyone else should presume to win.

The last hole at Carnoustie is over a quarter of a mile long and the crowd is kept to the sidelines, so that the whole of the space is empty except for Hogan and his partner, their caddies and their markers. At this hole, the Harry burn line is wait like a ubiquitous snake. He has escaped its first coil with his tee shot and now for the second with the burn directly barring the way. Hogan is so set for victory that nobody dreams of a mistake. Here comes the ball, deliberately played to the right of the hole, for there is out-of-bounds lurking on the left. The first putt is a little short, but he has plenty of strokes to spare; the second is in, and a cry of real genuine joy goes up from the crowd. The right man has won. (K.N.B.)



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FOOTBALL CRISIS (CONT.)

Sirs:

The College Football Crisis (SI, Aug. 6 and 13) is a constructive effort to improve college athletics and college football in particular. Much has been said and written in haste concerning the sport and those connected with it. In contrast, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* probed the core of the problem, exposing the "evils" to be more in the nature of errors in judgment. You have advanced a solution which thinking men will realize to be correct.

Even in the East we suffered the same growing pains several decades ago which other regions are now undergoing. That we met the problem and solved it is borne out by the present healthy condition of eastern athletics. Your nine-point code is one under which all colleges can live and prosper.

EVERETT D. BARNES

President

Eastern College Athletic Conference
Hamilton, N.Y.

FAMILIAR TO NEW YORKERS

Sirs:

It was a pleasure to read your story on General Grant (SI, Aug. 13) and see the print of the general and my grand-uncle Robert Benson, driving the latter's famous horse, Dexter. Dexter was considered the fastest trotter in America at the time, and he beat the circulation of Robert Benson's New York Ledger enough to make his purchase price of \$33,999 well worth it.

Lloyd Morris in *Tamable New York* says, "Any fine afternoon you could see the wealthy horse-fanciers driving . . . to 'the road,' as they called Harlem Lane. Their horses were very unlike the sleek, showy, beautifully caparisoned animals that figured in the carriage parade. The trotters had neither beauty nor grace. They were long, lanky animals, bony, slab-sided, gawky-looking; they were bred for speed and endurance. Robert Benson, publisher

of *The Ledger*, was the most celebrated owner of trotters (Dexter, Rarus, Maud K. and Jay-eye-see) . . . The names of these creatures were more familiar to New Yorkers than those of most politicians, scientists or authors." . . .

HENRY M. BINDER

New York

ALIBI ARTISTS

Sirs:

Aw, Pat, now look what you went and done. Here it had gotten to the point where we only had to put up with one over-saturated misadventure a week from some West-coastalbiarist (one word—as it will undoubtedly appear in Mr. Webster's next edition), and you had to write the most informed turf article of the year (*Telestar Movie*, SI, Aug. 13). . . .

Those you all get each down when *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s Dream Race comes up.

DOUG CARTWRIGHT

Baltimore

MISS LYNCHOT

Sirs:

Today I read a column—it was a ridiculous article by Pat Lynchot—and was sick you would print such senseless writing. She tried to imply 1) that California sports-writers are liars and spread false rumors and 2) that there is no measurement of quality in Thoroughbreds. . . .

GARY BOOKASTA

Beverly Hills

● Pat is short for Patrick, not Patricia. E.D.

LYNCH LYNCHOT

Sirs:

In *Telestar Movie* you imply that Nashua is better than Swaps. I disagree. Nashua has never won with 139 pounds, never won on turf, never set a world record and has not consistently placed in the mon-

ey. However, Swaps has done all these things, and more. Also Swaps has won in Kentucky, Illinois and Florida, not only in California, as Author Lynch seems to think. The best thing you could do for your publication would be to laud Lynch!

SUSAN FETTER

Kittitas, R.C.

HORSEWOMAN

Sirs:

I am sick of reading nothing but criticism of one of the greatest Thoroughbreds ever to set foot on a race track, the incomparable, the perfect Nashua.

If a real Donan Race was possible, it would be between Nashua, Man O' War, and Citation. Not including Light Swaps.

Against any living Thoroughbred, I'll put my money on Nashua any day.

SUSAN EBERHART

Lafayette, Ind.

SOUPED UP

Sirs:

I wish to commend most heartily the article on the subject of souped-up race tracks.

These souped-up fast tracks that have come into being in recent years are having such a detrimental effect on the nation's legs that more and more cripples are being produced each year.

I hope that your magazine has initiated a crusade for safe and sane tracks.

PHILIP A. O'NEILL

Stillwater, N.Y.

WHOLING ALONG

Sirs:

Many thanks for Pat Lynchot's enlightening article. It confirmed my suspicions. . . . Although Swaps is no doubt a fine horse, it's nice to know he's smacking those so-called world records with the help of a track set up for super speed and that the horses of yore, who had to wall along on slower tracks, weren't all a bunch of candidates for the glue factory.

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



Please count my vote in the affirmative for your Dreama Race. And until Swaps and Nashua meet on the same track under the same conditions, I wish the Californians would stop their childish crowing. Incidentally, in this new civil war, where is the Concho and Ellsworth line? I'm a Nashua fan and don't want to be caught in enemy territory.

JOHN SWIFT

Des Moines

• Pat Lynch confounds horse geographers, declaring the equine 18th parallel to be a line which runs roughly 180 miles from Saratoga Race Track to Belmont Park. Reader Swift is deep in the Swaps race. —ED.

AMEN!

San:

Pat, one of the steadiest Manhattaners who is still awaiting the report on Davy Crockett's latest bear hunt before venturing forth to the smooch lands west of the Hudson, says some very unkind things about California race tracks. Western writers seem to have been too enthusiastic to suit him in reporting the marvelous occasions when a raggy chestnut Thoroughbred named Swaps broke world records this summer at Hollywood Park.

These records don't mean a thing, because race tracks differ and times vary in Pat's opinion, and to some extent he will get agreement from this area. But what I must disagree with are Pat's critical remarks, inspired after studying the preparation, competition, depth and care of California racing strips from his vantage point in the Belmont Park press box, 3,000 miles away, implying that our tracks are deliberately hopped up by the managements to create world records.

For Pat's information, Hollywood Park's track is made of sandy loam with much snail worked into it to give it life and spring. It has a three-inch cushion on a firm, even base. The management constantly works with a track committee appointed by the horsemen to keep the racing strips as clean as possible to the way the majority of them want it, although Pat well knows, as do all turf writers, that as two horsemen have ever yet agreed as what a perfect race track should be.

The real questions that trouble Pat are: How good is Swaps and could he possibly be better than Lynch's pet, Nashua? Measured by time, Swaps must be pretty good, although time is not too important as such, we'll admit. Swaps smashed world records right and left at Hollywood Park but I'll be the first to say that he did it under the most ideal fast track conditions. The chief measuring rod of a horse's class is: Where did he beat?

In writing of what he appreciates in Thoroughbreds, Pat said, "Long ago men must have sensed fertility in their own quest for perfection and found expression for that hunger in the horse. The combination of heart, speed and stamina in a horse has always been their goal." To which all of us who admire Thoroughbreds and enjoy racing may amen.

Please, Pat, stick to noble sentiments like these and lay off our race tracks.

AL WEDSON

Hollywood Turf Club

Inglewood, Calif.

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PAT ON THE BACK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAM COOPER

NEWPORT TENNIS STAGES A DIAMOND JUBILEE

Seventy-five years after the first national tennis championships were held on its courts, the Newport (R.I.) Casino celebrated with a pageant featuring costumes of the '80s worn by Mrs. James Van Alen (left), wife of the present casino president, and Ann Archbald of Washington, D.C. Swinging the squash-type rackets used in that first tournament, four of today's young players also reenacted early scenes. Among crowd of present and former stars and officials who attended ceremonies were (below, from left) Dwight F. Davis Jr., son of the Davis Cup donor; Julian S. Myrick, former USLTA president; Mrs. May Sutton Bundy and Beals C. Wright, tennis Hall of Fame members; and James Van Alen. They also watched this year's Newport Invitational, won by Australia's Ken Rosewall (SI, Aug. 27).





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